

History from Oxford

Books to outlast the century: Masterpieces and Major Works

Rebirth of a Nation: Wales 1880-1980

Kenneth O. Morgan

'This book will serve as a fulcrum of historical debate for a generation. It will outlast the century.' *The Guardian*. 'This book could scarcely be improved. . . It ranks as a crowning achievement.' *The T.L.S.* £15

Peaceful Conquest: The Industrialization of Europe 1760-1970

Sidney Pollard

'I would warmly recommend this book. . . It is a major work by an outstanding scholar and will be a point of reference for a long time.' *The T.H.E.S.* 'A book of great depth, erudition, and fascinating detail. . . stimulating and highly readable.' *The Times*. £17.50 paperback £7.95

Origins of the French Revolution

William Doyle

'His book is excellent, achieving the rare distinction of being both useful and revealing.' *The Spectator*. £12.50 paperback £4.94

The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police

George Leggett

'Remarkable study. . . an invaluable service.' *Daily Telegraph*. 'This book is a model of painstaking scholarship and properly objective in tone.' *Sunday Times*. £22.50

Roman Britain

Peter Salway

'Immensely learned but very readable book. . . will surely remain in use for the half-century which Collingwood enslaved.' *The Times*. £19.50

Old Friends, New Enemies

The Royal Navy and the Imperial Japanese Navy. Strategic Illusions 1936-1941

Arthur Marder

'A masterpiece.' *Daily Telegraph*. 'Displays a mastery of the sources, a fine style. . . a superb example of the narrative historian at work.' *The Economist*. £19.50

Vannes and its Region

A Study of Town and Country in Eighteenth-Century France

T.J.A. Le Goff

'One of the most impressive works to have been written on eighteenth-century French history for many years.' *New Society*. £25

The English Administrative System 1780-1870

Sir Norman Chester

'A model of its kind. . . This is an outstanding piece of historical writing which will become one of the classic books on the nineteenth-century British state.' *The T.H.E.S.* £22.50

Oxford University Press is publishing more than fifty history books this year. For further information and copies of catalogues please write to John Midgley, Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

Oxford University Press



THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 4 1981

contents

J. P. KENYON	J. W. Burrow: A Liberal Descent - Victorian Historians and the English Past	
C. R. BOXER	Nael Perrin: Giving Up the Gun - Japan's Reversion to the Sword	1407-8
CHRISTOPHER THORNE	James Nieldpath: The Singapore Naval Base and the Defence of Britain's Eastern Empire 1919-1941 Arthur J. Marder: Old Friends, New Enemies - The Royal Navy and the Imperial Japanese Navy Alastair Hetherington: Guardian Years	1409-10
J. R. VINCENT		
ROSEMARY DINNAOE NORMAN SHRAPNEL	B. F. Skinner: Notebooks Polly Toynbee: The Way We Live Now	1411
THOMAS SUTCLIFFE RANDOLPH STOW FRANK TUOHY	Fiction Robert Stone: A Flag for Sunrise Claude Simon: Les Géorgiques Brown Meggs: The War Train	1412
VICKI FEAVER ANNE BORN E. S. TURNER	Charlotte Mew: Collected Poems and Prose Herbert Lomas: Territorial Song Catherine Caulfield: The Emperor of the United States of America and Other Magnificent British Eccentrics	1413-14
ANTHONY QUINTON PETER KEMP	Donald Hall (Editor): The Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes Philip Gardner: Kingsley Amis	1415
FRANCES SPALDINO KATE FLINT	Commentary Late Sleek: Paintings 1927 to 1942 (Hayward Gallery) The Realist Tradition: French Painting and Drawing, 1830-1900 (Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum)	
PETER HOLLAND PETER CONRAD ROY FOSTER	Otway: The Soldier's Fortune (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith) Pelléas et Mélisande (English National Opera) To the Western World and Jack B. Yeats: Assembled Memories (London Film Festival)	
PATRICIA CRAJO RICHARD OSBORNE CELINA FOX ALEX DE JONGE	The Grasa is Singing (London Film Festival) Music of Eight Decades (Royal Festival Hall and BBC Radio 3) The Art of Radio Times (Victoria and Albert Museum) The Englishwoman and her Horse (BBC TV) Among this week's contributors	1416-18
	To the editor	1419
VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM PETER KEMP	Fiction Gilbert Sorrentino: Crystal Vision Christopher Evans: The Insider	1420
ROBERT WISTRICH	Martin Gilbert: Auschwitz and the Allies	1421
RICHARD GRIBNER JANET MOROAN	Gilbert Adair: Hollywood's Vietnam Barry Norman: The Movie Greats Ronald Howard: In Search of My Father	1422
PETER CONRAD GARRY O'CONNOR	Vito Russo: The Celluloid Closet H. G. McIntyre: The Theatre of Jean Anouilh	1423
HUGH HAUGHTON	Margaret Glynn Lloyd: William Carlos Williams's Paterson Doo Boyd: Charles Olson's Maximus	1424
ANDREW MOTION TONY HARRISON ALAN BROWNJOHN KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND	Poems Bathing at Glymenopoleo Giving Thanks Stepping Out Niente	1425
STEFAN COLLINI J. MORDAUNT CROOK	Martin J. Wiener: English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit, 1850-1980 Colin Cunningham: Victorian and Edwardian Town Halls	1425
STANLEY WELLS DAVID NOKES	Commentary Shakespeare in Japan Hamil Kureishi: Borderline (Royal Court Theatre)	1427

Holding the Whig line

By J. P. Kenyon

J. W. BURROW:
A Liberal Descent
Victorian Historians and the English Past
308pp. Cambridge University Press.
£19.50.
0 521 24079 4

In a rare moment of lyricism, Herbert Butterfield once described the Whig Interpretation of History as "part of the landscape of English life, like our country lanes or our November mists or our historic inns". It was not the property of any one party, it was the English interpretation. What had begun as a narrow partisan assertion in the constitutional struggles of the late seventeenth century became in the nineteenth century a more generalized explanation of that native political compromise which was so highly esteemed in contrast to the violent excesses of lesser breeds without the law. As R. W. K. Hinton has said, the essence of the Whig view was that the development of the constitution was *fortunate*, "leading not to decay and death but to maturity and perfection", and that the events which led up to it were *correct*. The sin of David Hume was to argue that many of the steps taken in the formation of the constitution were *incorrect*, in the sense of being illegal in the context of their time.

John Burrow demonstrates the strength, the flexibility and the omniscience of the Whig tradition as it survived in the work of five nineteenth-century historians of very disparate types; and particularly in their interpretation of three key events in English history, the Norman Conquest, the Reformation and the Revolution of 1688. Macaulay was an active Whig politician almost to the end; Stubbs, Freeman and John Richard Green were "historical scholars with little or no experience of public affairs, with views of the present that were in varying degrees romantically historicised, and who were drawn to history by what was, in a broad and complimentary sense, an antiquarian passion for the past." It is difficult to be sure from their writings how the last three would have voted at elections, though Stubbs was appointed to the Regius Chair at Oxford during the brief ministry of Lord Derby in 1866 on the assurance that his views were staunchly conservative. If not Tory, Froude is very much the fifth wheel on the carriage; a Tory radical who is really, as Burrow admits, in a line of succession that leads to the Hammonds and R. H. Tawney. He lacked that religious certainty, (or, in the case of Macaulay, spiritual phylaxis), which distinguished the others; to fact, he represents the doubt, the angst, the waning of self-confidence, the blurring of intellectual markers, which is the other side of Victorian optimism.

Burrow himself suggests that his selection is not entirely representative, but of this I am not so sure. Gardner would fit neatly enough between Stubbs and Macaulay, and I am surprised not to see him here. Seeley is an odd man out in some ways, but despite the fertility of his ideas and his suave exposition of them, he was not a major historian. Carlyle is the exception that proves the rule, but to fact jumbles all the categories. Burrow remarks that when we read Freeman and Macaulay or even Stubbs, "the mental image of a plithoric Victorian tourist shouting at waiters in a foreign hotel is occasionally inescapable". The inescapable image of Carlyle is of a madman gibbering at the bars of his first-floor cell in some secluded Victorian asylum down a tree-lined suburban cul-de-sac.

Burrow's style, subtly loquacious and highly literary, has now reached full maturity. Browsing over a wide range of material, he shuffles and re-shuffles the evidence to detect new correspondences or clarify old relationships, and under the pressure of his intelligence facts take on a new shape from chapter to chapter. He

notes in passing, for instance, that a certain kind of Victorian tourist in Europe tended to see a relationship between religion and the material life.

The more progressive tendencies of Protestant communities spoke eloquently for the reformed religion, supplementing more purely theological considerations. The increasing diffusion and scope of continental travel provided material for an informal sociology of religion; the state of inns and beds brought opportunities for inductive

book to deal with, rather the opposite. The reviewer's pencil is out early and out often, and on a second reading I found that I had marked up something on almost every page. His own comment on Stubbs's *Constitutional History* is decidedly apropos: "An attempt to trace the book's contours for others is inevitably both more laborious and more superficial than one would wish; the outlines may be clear but the texture is lost."

That is not to say that I am entirely convinced by Burrow's general

comparative politics from the dawn of civilization onwards, he commented that the subject was "largish"; Freeman referred to the great German medievalist Liebermann as "Stubbs's Jew". Moreover, apart from Macaulay, they all published their main work very much together, a fact disguised by the structure of the book which Burrow does not bring out until the end. Macaulay published the second part of his *History* in 1855, Froude began in 1856 and continued until 1870; Freeman published the *Norman Conquest* 1867-79 and Stubbs his *Constitutional*

ence of the great Romantic intellectuals, Newman, Carlyle and Thomas Arnold, and his values were formed by the Enlightenment. His immersion in the classics gave him a veneration for the stoic virtues evident in taciturn, strong-willed, under-scrubbed men like William III and Wellington, who were indifferent alike to women and money, the two rocks which shipwrecked Marlborough. The Macaulayan anti-hero. Yet despite the sentimentalities of his *Lays of Ancient Rome* he had no sympathy with the concept of classical republican liberty, towards which his attitude was almost Hobbesian.

He had a strange penchant for grading and comparing men, for making up historical First Xis. Freeman shared this "love of roll-calls of the great dead" (and so, rather strangely, did Acton). Burrow notes the "buried" quality of Macaulay's work, which encourages us to extend the metaphor, and imagine him as some inter-day Homer, hymning the triumphs of the race in the halls of the great Victorian thegns. Even Seeley admitted:

It is most right and desirable that there should always be historians of the type of Macaulay. Noble deeds should be told in splendid language; great events should pass before us in swelling and stately narrative.

But beneath this epic strain lay a cosier undertone of gossip. "The kind of gossip", says Burrow, "founded on shared reminiscence, found in united families and helping to make them so - the fact that Schomberg in 1689, and Wellington in 1814, both received the thanks of the House of Commons on the same spot and with the same ritual, the fact that the Currency Debate of 1696 was invoked by Burke in 1796 and Huskisson in 1822, were instances of the past inhabiting the present, and emphasized the even, magisterial flow of English history. Taken too far, of course, this could end in bathos, with Macaulay interrupting his account of Argyle's Rising in 1685 to expatiate on the customs revenue of the modern port of Greenock, or eulogizing the Torquay hotel industry while describing William III's landing at Torbay.

But Burrow confirms the view put forward by Joseph Hamburger and others, that Macaulay was not merely a partisan Whig.

The *History* is much more than the vindication of a party; it is an attempt to insinuate a view of politics, pragmatic, reverent, essentially Burkean, informed by a high, even lurid, sense of the worth of public life, and fully conscious of its interrelations with the wider progress of society; it embodies a sense of the privileged possession by Englishmen of their history, as well as of the eple dignity of government by discussion. If this was sectarian it was hardly, in any useful contemporary sense, polemically Whig; it is more like the sectarianism of English respectability.

To Stubbs the approach is necessarily different. As Burrow sympathetically remarks, "Horror of the facile ran deep in Stubbs's nature; it was a hard fate that made him so long an instructor of youth." It was also ironic that he could never command an audience for his lectures, and that his views on the proper role of professors made him an object of mistrust to most of his Oxford colleagues. Yet the book conquered, if not the mass, for the influence of his *Constitutional History of England* on the teaching of history was overwhelming and sustained, moulding the syllabuses not only of Oxford but of virtually all English universities in the first half of the twentieth century. (Prothero and Lodge even imposed it on the hapless Scots.) In the Cambridge of the 1880s, as J. R. Tanner later recalled, "The lecturer lectured on Stubbs; the commentator elucidated him; the crammer barked him down. Within those covers was to be found the final word on every



The expansion of literacy resulting from the invention of printing brought in its train demands for manuals of calligraphy, such as the *Tratado de la Pluma*, issued in 1640 by the Genoese writing-master Pisani, from which the example above is taken. It forms one of the illustrations to Peter Jensen's recently published *Masterpieces of Calligraphy*: 261 Examples, 1500-1800 (about 200 unnumbered pages. Constable. Paperback, £4.50. 0 486 24100 9).

Protestant apologetics, and pyrrhic victories for the purer faith. Catholicism was clearly associated with poverty, flies, dirt and indolence, as well as priestcraft and intolerance.

He marks down the prevailing francophobia of the Whig historians, but distinguishes between Macaulay's fear of Jacobinism and Stubbs's and Freeman's aversion to centralized bureaucracy. Freeman blamed the French for corrupting the honest manliness of the Middle Ages with "the tinsel fripperies of chivalry", and at the same time the mere sight of "the word 'Préface' on a poster was enough to throw him into a bad temper".

It is a condensed style, sucking idea upon idea, meaning upon meaning, implication upon implication, down into an intellectual black hole; whence they are funnelled out the other end into a new world of lucidity - something which was not always so in Burrow's earlier book on Victorian Intellectuals, *Evolution and Society*. Freeman, for instance, is encapsulated in one long yet terse sentence - a mere prolegomenon to the main discussion - in which every word counts, and counts to the full.

Gruff pedant and country magistrate as he was, he was a Romantic in almost everything: in his *Schwärmerei* and his Byronic phillipianism, in the lush in-temperance of his libertarian rhetoric, in his racialist nationalism and sympathy with oppressed nationalities, in his Tacitean primitivism and populism, and in a now seldom altogether silent in his historical writing, of apocalyptic excitement.

Burrow's wit is ever present but never obtrusive, and intellectually exact; as when he remarks that the Whig historians "had always stood at an uncomfortable angle to Tudor England".

But this does not make it an easy

argument. All the historians under review were Whigs, in the sense that they told a success story about English history, and they all had what he calls "a sense of connection with the English past, uninhibited by any sense of the past as alien and obscure." But their purposes were very different. Stubbs's motives were avowedly didactic or pedagogic, and it is doubtful how far his purpose extended beyond the narrow field of university education. Macaulay's motives were also partly didactic, though he was self-consciously addressing a much wider public; his was a mission of public re-education shared to some extent by Green. Freeman and Froude certainly, Macaulay possibly, also found in historical writing a relief from inner tensions, a working-out of their complexes. But Froude also had a powerful financial motive for writing history, as had Green and Macaulay, and book royalties formed a significant part of their income. Stubbs and Freeman were probably less influenced by such considerations, though David Knowles has pointed out that Stubbs in fact made an astonishing amount of money even out of the scholarly Rolls Series. Freeman was disappointed with his sales, but almost certainly not for financial reasons; he had a considerable private income and he cannot have expected to improve it with seven-volume extravaganzas like his *History of the Norman Conquest*.

Nor was there much intellectual communion between them. Freeman and Green were the closest of friends, but they differed fundamentally on important points. They were both on good terms with Stubbs, but at a distance; a distance probably imposed by Stubbs. Despite the old doggerel "Ladling butter from alternate tubs/Stubbs butter Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs", it is to be doubted if Stubbs had much respect for Freeman's scholarship, or his views in general. (Told that Freeman was lecturing on

History 1874-78; Green's *Short History* appeared in 1874. Green relied a great deal, as he admitted, on Stubbs's earlier work, and to some extent on Freeman; otherwise they seem to have been independent entities. And though their earlier careers overlapped his, none of them seems to have had any contact with Macaulay. Stubbs thought him deeply suspect. "How can we respect the facts of a case to a history like Macaulay's?", he once said. But Freeman revered him; in fact, Burrow suggests that at the bottom of Freeman's remarkable aversion to Froude was jealousy, because Froude, not he, had picked up the torch Macaulay had dropped. Froude himself, of course, was a total outsider, spurned and derided in a remarkably petty way, even by Stubbs.

Obviously this was not a school of historians; not even Green and Freeman thought they were writing about the same things. The fact that Burrow can find correspondences at all in their work, though in some cases only hints and touches, is a general tribute to the strength of the Whig tradition. The book is therefore not really a case study, because we are presented with more than one case; it could more aptly be termed a meditation on the English past as it was interpreted by five distinguished men of letters.

Burrow begins, of course, with Macaulay, always acknowledged to be the archpriest of Whig historiography. Few historians can have been so much discussed, denounced, admired and analysed, yet the subtlety and discrimination of Burrow's approach lend an air of originality even to this jaded subject.

Despite Macaulay's debt to Scott, much emphasized in recent years, Burrow argues that this only governed the style and structure of his work, in spirit he was "the most distinguished of the great Victorian". Unlike the historians who came after, he was untouched by the influ-

controversy, and in this faith the student moved serene. Even his most distinguished pupil, Taut, admitted in 1906, "it is a mistake to insist on everybody learning all the details of Stubbs, and much evil has, I am convinced, accrued in Stubbs' own university from the excessive cult of this great book."

But since the great majority of its readers have been students, who have read it piecemeal, "as a source for a specific assignment, some over-due essay on Frankpledge or the Provisions of Oxford, and under duress", its real status as one of the greatest products of the Victorian mind, on a par with *Origin of Species* or *Middlemarch*, has been obscured. It is remarkable that it did not "stand at the end of a tradition of historical writing whose virtues it incorporated; it created one virtually single-handed." Religious belief also informed Stubbs' work to a greater extent than any other nineteenth-century historian, not excluding Acton. As Burrow says:

Green, who was present, countered with an almost audible drawing-in of breath the religious exhortation in the conclusion of Stubbs' inaugural lecture, with its depiction of world history lending up to God; "I remember when this was my clue to history once - I am afraid I have lost it without gaining another."

In general terms Stubbs accepted the compromise forced on the Whig historians by the researches of Robert Brady in the late seventeenth century: the Ancient Constitution did not stretch back to Gothic infinity. Parliament had not appeared before the thirteenth century. Magna Carta was not a foundation of universal law. Nevertheless, the German origins of local government were still discernible: "The ancient, unwritten popular law", he called it, "as it is preserved in these most ancient shadows and skeletons of the early life of our fathers" - the self-regulating traditions of shire and shire moot, of hundred and hundred court, maintained by thousands of forgotten men, generation upon generation, which had moulded the broad foundations of a great constitutional pyramid, on the apex of which kings and nobles capered in their glory.

Burrow's development of this theme, nuance sliding over nuance, is an interesting example of his technique. Happily invoking George Eliot - it is strange, her appeal for historians, even Acton - he notes it as a sensibility "characteristically mid-Victorian, in its feeling for the obscure and provincial, and its fascination with the structures fabricated, coral-like, by countless almost imperceptible creatures; or in human terms, in a famous formulation, by the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs". Taking off, he sees it also as a response to "the immense imaginative challenge presented by the processes and time scales of the new Lyellian geology"; but, not content, he also goes on to associate it with older modes of thought and feeling; above all, the Burkean traditionalism and its attendant aesthetic, the late eighteenth-century concept of the Picturesque, from which the nineteenth century was to derive its love of enunciation, of the modulations of light and shade on mossy thatch, of crumbling stonework and its natural concomitant, ivy.

He concludes with relief, "This love of a patina, a delight in the effects of erosion and accretion, was obviously not without political resonance."

Stubbs' organic view of history, his "extension of Whig reverence to the primitive social arrangement of North German farmers" was the backbone of his work. It was acknowledged, against any criticism, by the profundity of his research, acquired by an arduous apprenticeship to the Rolls Series, and his unusual grasp of contemporary German scholarship. This gave his work a "certainly yet prodigious richness" and, "fine, educated sensitivity to the texture of social and institutional change, in names and procedural forms, in administrative, fiscal, and judicial devices, in franchises, customs, and the growth and weakening of the assumption and the reality of monarchy." But the

grand design was never lost in the detail; "this mass of discriminated complexity" was guided by a "steady, authorial voice", which moved "with unforced assurance from confident assertion to admitted conjecture, from bold suggestiveness to tentative generalisation and occasional admissions of defeat", giving the *Constitutional History* a stern artistic unity.

So, the Norman Conquest, a barrier which had unseated so many Whig historians, or at least rocked them in their saddles, was effortlessly incorporated in Stubbs' master plan. The Normans had erected and reversed the decay of central authority which had threatened to reduce local institutions to inanity. They had unified the nation without at first centralizing it, thus creating an equipoise between king and baronage which gave each of them a vested interest in local independence.

His friend Edward Augustus Freeman had no such certitude. "The eccardian Augustus", as Matland sarcastically called him, is a man easily mocked. Lytton Strachey left a boisterous caricature, and his *Life and Letters*, by William Stephens, is an involuntary exposure of its subject. Freeman's elephantine books, written in a curious antiquarian argot, stand among the great unread. Burrow's account is witty and exact, but he avoids the trap of making him, though he does not conceal Freeman's frantic xenophobia, directed particularly against the French and the Turks, he does underplay the anti-semitism which was an unpleasant concomitant of his views on Aryan racial purity.

Freeman tackled the central problem of Whig historiography head on, but it took him seven huge volumes to cover the Conquest; in fact, to reassure himself he had to carry the story on, almost to the reign of Edward I. He held to the orthodox Whig line, that the Conquest had involved no serious discontinuity. William took the English crown not because he had defeated Harold at Hastings (or "Senlac", as Freeman obstinately insisted), but because he was the rightful heir to Edward the Confessor, acknowledged as such at his coronation. He in return, and his successors after him, confirmed the ancient liberties of the English in their coronation oath. Freeman could do no other - as Burrow says, "An ambivalent Whig historian is a contradiction in terms." But his exaltable sympathy for oppressed minorities everywhere (especially those oppressed by the Turk), and his belief in the Aryan purity of the old English race, made it difficult for him to regard the Conquest as anything but an immediate tragedy, and he was only slightly comforted by a refusal to acknowledge that the Normans were French. (According to him, "The Norman was a Dane who, in his abjourn in Gaul had put on a slight French varnish, and who came to England to be washed clean again.") The tension thus produced was excruciating, and sometimes riotous. In Burrow's words, "Freeman tried to write a tragic epic within a solatary and jubilant. The combination is not always easy, the circumstantial cheerfulness giving an unwanted air of masquerade to the tragedy." It is all summed up by Freeman himself in one ringing sentence: "In that Twilight of the Gods, when right and wrong went forth to battle, and when wrong for a moment had the victory, the brightest light of Teutonic England sank, and sank for ever."

In a sense Freeman was much more Whiggish than Macaulay, certainly than Stubbs. He shared the latter's veneration for primitive popular government to an intensely romantic, bizarrely uncritical degree, and he was moved almost to orgasm by the discovery that it survived in the remote Swiss cantons. His love of the past - "so intense as to amount to a reluctance to recognise it as irretrievably past" - even threatened his grip of present reality. He was accused of judging past history in the light of his violent political prejudices, but - as Burrow observes - Freeman did not defend Godwin because he admired Godwin; he had persuaded himself that he resembled Godwin. English history in general was a great success story

"the possession of the liberal", he once called it - but the Norman Conquest in the end defeated him, and the acute neurosis with which he approached the subject is betrayed in his affectedly archaic choice of vocabulary, and his declamatory, almost bellowing style. He remained, in fact, "a nostalgic cultural radical, determined to do what he could to reverse the verdict of history".

Freeman shared many tastes with his friend John Richard Green; a delight in antiquarian speculation, a feeling for physical remains, a certain nostalgia for towns. Burrow stresses the plasticity of Green's imagination, and his capacity to use, as no other historian had, the great discoveries of the nineteenth century in archaeology, geology, geomorphology and philology, which made his major study of *The Making of England* a genuinely new kind of history. His profound sympathy "for humdrum activity, obscure, repetitive, slowly transforming", places him nearer to Stubbs than Freeman, though he rebelled heavily on both. Unfortunately Burrow does not take into consideration the work for which Green is principally known, *A Short History of the English People*. The bold, experimental nature of this book is lost to us now, when the most elementary textbook is a conflation of political, social, economic and cultural history; yet this was a fashion launched by Green. Nor was he an "obvious successor" to Macaulay, as Burrow would have it; he was the first general history of England to displace Hume's, after more than a century. It is strange that the task of dethroning Hume in the field of popular culture, a task admitted by all Whig historians to be of cardinal importance, should have been left to "Johnlings" (as Freeman affectionately and condescendingly called him), who were academically the least well equipped. Moreover, the *Short History* was far from being a rehearsal of accepted Whig notions. For the Middle Ages Green wisely chose to Stubbs, but thereafter he was capable of launching ideas of his own to supplement the Whig canon. "The myth of the 'dark ages' in Tudor England, and the idea of a 'New Monarchy', were his creations."

The effect of nineteenth-century medieval scholarship was to inject a strong element of populism into the historicist Whig construct proffered by Macaulay, who for all his objections to social history was no more a social historian than, say, Arthur Bryant. That is not to say that

Stubbs or Freeman were at all democratic; theirs was still an aristocracy, though an aristocracy of popular and practical leadership rather than breeding and blood. (Freeman called himself a democrat, but never accustomed himself to the idea of one man, one vote.) With Froude, as I have said, we are on much less certain ground. He was not in any conscious sense a Whig, in his politics or his public attitudes, and it is a mile farther of Burrow to link his theories of Empire with Freeman's prejudices on race. "As Freeman had seen Homer's Achaean and Tacitus's Germans in Swiss patriarchy, Froude found in South Africa the virtuous and hardy Romans of the Republic." This may be true, but it is not helpful.

Freeman, and even Stubbs, were vigorous survivors of the Oxford Movement; not so Froude. All his life, according to Burrow, he was a man consciously scarred by his century, a victim of the spiritual malaise of the "enfant du siècle" or "superfluous man". Of course, he rose above his loss of faith, and Strachey's portrait of the later Froude - yachtsman, brilliant lecturer and raconteur, bon vivant, something of a ladies' man - is an important part of the truth. But he was certainly afflicted by doubts of the validity of his techniques, which made it difficult for him to meet Freeman's vicious and clownish attacks, and in his later essays there emerges a deep strain of more general pessimism, centred on the future of the race.

Nevertheless, his grand history of the Reformation in England from 1529 to 1588 - the serious rival, incidentally, to Bishop Burnet's, published in 1679 - was a confident attack on the more extreme attitudes of the Oxford Movement, and especially the historical character assassination practised on the Church of England by Newman and Ward. While the literary world boggled at his picture of Henry VIII as a misanthropic genius, of Elizabeth as an erratic boyed carried by her pet ministers, the public bought the book in their thousands. It was certainly Whiggish, in that it told a success story; here were the English, fresh from the triumphs of the Middle Ages, showing the Continental Reformers how it should be done. But it was hardly in the Whig tradition; it was a response to a particular contemporary situation. Like Bishop Burnet, in very similar circumstances of public disillusionment and papist

encroachment, Froude called upon the English to take a justified pride in their national church. It is significant that Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, a successive re-issue, was a southerly best-seller of these decades. If Froude's was a Whig history, it was that distinct curiosity, a Whig history with the constitution left out.

At the end Burrow feels that in the nineteenth century "the Whig line was held, if only just". This is a comment, in fact, on Stubbs and Macaulay, and I doubt if it could be extended to Froude, or for that matter Freeman. As Burrow admits, "historic Whiggism requires a difficult feat of sustained poise" and "to maintain complacency in a vale of tears is a more heroic achievement than it is often given credit for". Froude maintained his poise, but he was never complacent.

Nevertheless, even if we consider this book a series of disjointed studies, a species of literary criticism associated with a vague theme, it is at the same time a magnificent piece of historical archaeology, practised on an age whose nearness to our own makes it all the more difficult for us to get into perspective. It is also a work of rehabilitation for most readers. Macaulay, I suppose, is still read here and there for pleasure, but that is all. "The great Victorian histories", says Burrow, "now seem like the triumphal arches of a past empire, their vaulting inscriptions increasingly unintelligible to the modern inhabitants: visited occasionally, they may be, as a *pélerinage*, a species of visit necessarily brief. Yet, as he shows, they still have much to offer, and particularly a complex historical experience of seeing one society and culture refracted through another, both of them, in this instance, our own and not our own."

First published in 1973, W.B. Stephens's *Sources for English Local History* (342pp, Cambridge University Press, £25, 0 521 281309) forms part of the series *The Sources of History: Studies in the Uses of Historical Evidence* under the general editorship of G. R. Elton; it has recently been reissued and updated in order to embrace recent new work in the field of local history and, in addition to chapters on population and social structure, local government and politics, poor relief, charities, prices and wages, industry, trade and communications, agriculture, education and religion, a new chapter on houses, housing and health has been added.

HISTORY

JAMES NEIDPATH

The Singapore Naval Base and the Defence of Britain's Eastern Empire 1919-1941
266pp Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £22.50.
0 19 822474 5

ARTHUR J. MARDER

Old Friends, New Enemies
The Royal Navy and the Imperial Japanese Navy: Strategic Illusions, 1939-1941
533pp Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £19.50.
0 19 822604 7

The fall of Singapore to the Japanese in February 1942 was arguably the greatest military disaster experienced by Britain in the two world wars. In retrospect, it can be seen as heralding the end of Britain's eastern empire as surely as Yorktown had led to the loss of the thirteen colonies. The remarkable achievements of Slim's Fourteenth Army were still to come, just as the victory of Rodney and Hood in the battle of "The Saints" had followed the surrender of Cornwallis. In neither instance, however, could subsequent successes reverse the underlying direction of events. In the case of Singapore, that direction can be plotted along a line which takes in, for example, Britain's need to conclude an alliance with Japan in 1902 and the withdrawal of her capital-ship units from the Far East three years later; her need of assistance from the Imperial Japanese Navy during the 1914-18 war and the strategic position brought about by the agreements concluded at the Washington Conference of 1921-22; the post-1925 granting of independence to India, Burma and Malaya, and the belated announcement by Harold Wilson on January 16, 1968 that British forces would be withdrawn from the Far East and Persian Gulf by the end of 1971.

When the Japanese triumph at Singapore became known in 1942, there were those even then both in Britain and abroad, who sought to place the staggering news in a context of this kind, involving a long-term decline of the British Empire. For others, the fact that 130,000 British, Imperial and Commonwealth troops had surrendered raised more immediate questions concerning the qualities of the British people as a whole (had they become "soft", and if so was this a consequence of, say, their democratic political system?) and of the British Army in particular (were its failures in the Far East and Middle East attributable to a rusty, class-conscious and incompetent body of regular officers, or to a breakdown of regimental discipline as a result of war-time conscription?). "The Singapore surrender has been a terrific blow to all of us," noted Harold Nicolson in his diary. "It is not merely the immediate dangers . . . it is the dread that we are only half-hearted in fighting the whole-hearted."

The two volumes under review set out to view the disaster of 1942 and its prelude, the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off the coast of Malaya on December 10, 1941, in what may be termed an intermediate perspective. That is to say, their scope lies between, on the one hand, that of detailed studies of the fighting in 1941-42, and on the other, that of long-term analyses of Britain's position within the international system as a whole. At the same time, they complement one another. James Neidpath's book explores the entire conception of a Far Eastern strategy centred upon Singapore, as well as the actual construction of the base and its surrounding defences; that of the late Arthur Marder sets the destruction of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* in the context of the strengths and weaknesses of the British and Japanese navies and their respective approaches to the war that had broken out a few days earlier.

Neidpath's study is admirable for its thoroughness, its clarity and the fruitfulness of its carefully controlled assessments and speculations as to what might have been. (Two major errors of fact may be noted in passing:

On course for disaster

By Christopher Thorne

the Ten-Year Rule was formally repealed in 1933, and not in 1932, although it was in effect removed in the earlier year; and Yorktown, as Americans have recently been recalling, took place in 1781 and not 1782.) Much of the material on which it is based is already familiar to historians of the period, but the issues involved are handled in a way which makes a valuable contribution to an understanding of Britain's strategic problems in the inter-war years. It is helpful, for example, when the reader is taken through the various arguments which were advanced in the period following the Great War against the construction of the Singapore base: arguments involving doubts as to the future effectiveness of the battleship in modern warfare and expectations concerning the potential role of aircraft; arguments grounded on the desire to reduce government expenditure, on the belief that a modernized base at Singapore would needlessly antagonize Japan, or on the determination to see armaments as a whole cast aside.

Nevertheless, as Neidpath emphasizes, the establishment of a major naval base at Singapore was essential in terms of Britain's entire Imperial role. Whether or not it was likely that Japan would become an enemy - a question which aroused strong and widely differing opinions - the defensive integrity of the Empire and Commonwealth, its territories and its commerce, had to be maintained and clearly demonstrated. Simply the *existence* of another major naval power that was itself based in the East required a response of a kind that had not been necessary before the turn of the century, when hostile vessels of Germany, Russia or France proceeding to that part of the world could be cut off somewhere between European waters and the Indian Ocean.

To this geopolitical consideration must be added the technical one, that by the inter-war period warships (as a consequence of their growing size and sophistication, together with their recently acquired reliance on oil-fuel) had become far more dependent upon extensive base facilities. It thus became evident that a failure on Britain's part to provide at least the logistical framework within which major naval units could operate between India, Southeast Asia and Australia would have been tantamount to accepting that her status as an imperial and world power was a hollow one. In 1919, and indeed throughout the later war years, such an acceptance lay beyond the bounds of both practical politics and the perceptions of the vast majority.

In the minds of those who urged the development of a base at Singapore (less peripheral than Sydney, less vulnerable than Hong Kong), the danger that would otherwise increase were not only those of armed assault by Japan. As members of the Cabinet emphasized in 1921, unless Britain was in a position "to tell the Dominion Governments that we had a Naval Policy", Australia and New Zealand might begin to look for their safety to a United States that was "continually suggesting that the American Navy was available for the protection of civilisation and the white races of the world".

Even if one took the view (as did Vansittart during the Manchurian crisis of 1931-33, for example) that Britain would nevertheless have to obtain the cooperation of the United States if the Empire in the Far East were to be preserved, there remained three formidable considerations that underlined the need to proceed with the programme of construction and modernization at Singapore. The overriding one was the unlikelihood of obtaining a binding American commitment to ally with Britain militarily if the latter alone were to be attacked by Japan. (To the extent, such a commitment was forthcoming only a few days before the Japanese launched their assault.) Second, there was the strategic situation that obtained in the Western and Southern Pacific after the Washington Conference agreements of 1921, in which, partly as a result of its inability to construct new base

facilities in the area, the US Navy would not in any case be in a position to interpose its main forces between the Japanese and Britain's possessions in Southeast Asia. The third consideration followed from the second: that in order to appear a worthwhile potential ally for the Americans in the Far East, Britain must possess a major base in that region, not only for her own vessels but possibly for those of the US Navy as well.

In this connection, Neidpath offers a thought-provoking suggestion, though it is one which he realises lies beyond the realm of practical politics as they stood in the 1920s and 1930s:

Since Honolulu could only be defended by naval power, the American and British Pacific fleet should have combined to defend it. Since Singapore could be defended without naval power, the United States Army and air forces should have reinforced Singapore to the point of security, which British resources alone could not achieve. By such a combination of forces, both Anglo-Saxon Powers might have secured their Pacific bases against the Japanese threat.

In reality, as indicated above, Britain had to face Japan's increasingly assertive behaviour from 1931 onwards without any assurance of American assistance. At the same time, the growing threat of war in Europe, the resurgence of German naval power and the possibility that the Royal Navy would have to take on the Italians as well had combined by 1939-40 to undermine the fundamental assumption upon which Imperial defence in the Far East had been based: that in the event of a conflict with Japan, the Main Fleet, or at least a substantial portion of it, would be despatched from home waters and/or the Mediterranean in order first to relieve Singapore and then to cut the enemy's vital communications. The loss of the French fleet to the Allied cause in 1940 only widened still further a gap between resources and commitments that was already a sizeable one.

This growing strategic dilemma, together with Japan's moves into Indo-China in 1940-41, underlined the need to provide the Singapore base with local defences capable of holding it open for the lengthening period which it was estimated would elapse before major naval units could arrive on the spot. (In the final period, both the composition and speed of dispatch of such units had to be left indeterminate, though this grim necessity was described as superficially as possible for the benefit of the Australians and New Zealanders, whose governments might otherwise have cut back on the forces they were sending to fight in the Middle East.) And this issue of local defence centred around a number of questions which had been debated, some in the fiercest of terms, since the development of the base had been planned. Would protection be best provided, for example, by heavy guns on land, or by air-power? Here, as Neidpath wryly observes, the Naval Staff were obliged to undergo "a deathbed conversion to the anathema of Lord Trenchard" in that in 1939 they had insisted on the need for shore-based air support if the Eastern Fleet were to operate effectively from Singapore. In 1940-41, however, only a pitiful array of aircraft was available for the defence of the base, while the aircraft hastily constructed further up the Malay peninsula were highly vulnerable to a land assault from that quarter. Was an attack from the north in fact to be expected? Such a possibility had been acknowledged by the War Office from the early 1920s onwards. Yet the danger seemed to have been in terms of enemy landing in Johore rather than on further up the coast, despite the construction of new roads in Johore (itself and from Johore, to the Thai border. As for the famous 15-inch guns covering the base, although, contrary to legend, they were capable of firing to the north against a land attack, they were not provided with the type of ammunition required for such a role.

On this matter of the vulnerability of Singapore to an overland attack, Christopher Thorne's new book

chill, of course, was subsequently to assert in his history of the war: "I ought to have known. My advisers ought to have known and I ought to have been told and ought to have asked." In fact, as Neidpath demonstrates, the Chiefs of Staff had known, and in September 1940 had told the Prime Minister of the position. The latter, however - facing as he did strategic dilemmas that were not only of awesome dimensions but essentially insoluble - had chosen not to pursue the matter to a conclusion. And in 1941, despite receiving strong advice to the contrary from Sir John Dill among others, he gave priority, not to the reinforcement of Singapore, but to the strengthening of the effort being made in the Middle East.

Were Churchill's priorities correct, as seen with the advantage of hindsight? Neidpath's conclusion is that they probably were, even though "Malaya could probably have been secured if supplies of tanks and aircraft to Russia had been diverted and if the idea of an offensive in Cyrenaica had been abandoned". At the same time, however, Neidpath reinforces the view that the Prime Minister made a number of grave misjudgments where Japan herself was concerned. Not the least of these was his decision, against the wishes of his senior naval advisers, to dispatch to Singapore in October 1941 what could only be a token force of capital ships: the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. Churchill's purpose was to deter Japan from launching an attack. Thus his reasoning had already been proved false and his purpose brought to naught even before "Force Z" was destroyed on December 10.

This bleak day for the Royal Navy is the point at which the late Professor Arthur Marder brought to a close the first volume of a work which he had intended to carry through to 1945. Marder has interesting things to say about the actual fight between the two

British ships and the Japanese aircraft that sank them (Admiral Tom Phillips, he observes in a footnote, did not handle his Force "as a born seaman"). He also sets out the singes of the debate - if such it can be called - which led to the decision to dispatch the vessels, and discusses the acutely difficult question of whether "Force Z", having been loudly acclaimed on its arrival at Singapore, yet having failed to deter Japan from opening hostilities, should promptly have withdrawn towards Australia. To have adopted his course would have had grave repercussions on morale in Singapore and no doubt would have entailed loss of face for the Royal Navy. Yet the alternative of staying in the vicinity of Singapore meant almost certain destruction for the two precious ships - a morale-shattering event in its own right, of course, and one which would probably have been more costly still had the aircraft carrier *Indomitable* been present as originally intended. Whatever one's retrospective judgment may be, one thing is evident: that the author, in London, approached the issue in a manner so leisurely that Marder rightly describes it as "extraordinary".

The bulk of the volume, however, is devoted to the period leading up to these terrible events, and to a comparison of the men, *material* and strategic concepts of the two navies involved. Here, Marder discerns some remarkable similarities, for example in the methods of education adopted at Dartmouth and at its Japanese equivalent, Etalima: "the emphasis on physical activity, the discipline, the frenetic pace, the discouragement of individuality and the expansion of mental horizons". There is irony, too, in that the young warriors of Nippon were told to emulate the essential characteristics of "the English gentleman". On the other hand, cadets at Etalima received a far greater amount of actual military training, and in Marder's judgment

A Constable Christmas selection



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Georgina Battiscombe

"This beautifully produced book is a pleasure to read, from the point of view of presentation, and style, and in every other way"
W.W. Robson, *TLN*, Illustrated, £9.50

A SOLITARY WOMAN: VIOLET TREFUSIS

Henrietta Shaple

A compassionate portrait of a sparklingly witty woman with great literary talent, who became notorious for her love affair with
Vita Sackville-West. Illustrated, £7.95

ERIC GILL: MAN OF FLESH & SPIRIT

Malcolm Yorke

Today this extraordinarily prolific artist is best remembered for his typeface designs, yet he deserves more recognition for his sculptures, engravings, and erotic drawings, over 100 of which are illustrated
here. £12.50

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Desmond Seward

"A tragic story beautifully told, and the book is well-written and well-produced" Sir Philip Magnus, *Daily Telegraph*. Illustrated, £8.95

ST PETERSBURG: A TRAVELLERS' COMPANION

Selected and introduced by Laurence Kelly

"Invaluable... a sort of anthology, or bedside book, which seems to me just what is needed... a conversational tour of the centuries"
Edward Crankshaw, *Observer*. Illustrated, h/b £9.95 p/b £5.95

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

Guy Williams

How the 19th century saw the beginnings of scientific medicine and the conquest of many diseases that had decimated life in previous centuries. Illustrated, £7.95

were made to corrections of "Special privilege" that, unlike their British counterparts, they "sailed" along from the nation's general. In the field of warship design, Japanese vessels, with their obvious advantage of a single (if broad) sphere of operation, could be constructed with a greater emphasis on their actual fighting role. As for the vital sphere of naval aviation, the Japanese began the conflict with superior aircraft, armed with superior torpedoes, and with air crews "steering ahead" in Marder's view, "of anything that the Royal Navy could put up." The Imperial Japanese Navy had also prepared assiduously for night actions. Its conception of the final showdown with the enemy, however, was still centred upon the anachronistic scenario of a daylight duel between the main fleets (as had occurred at Tsushima and Jutland), whilst the emphasis placed upon heroic aggression had led to the costly neglect of trade warfare, as regards both the protection of Japan's own merchant shipping and the destruction of that of her enemies.

These are merely a few of the points that emerge from Marder's extensive comparison. As for the images that each Service entertained of the other, he rightly observes that "the IJN evaluation of the Royal Navy was a lot closer to the truth than was the Royal Navy's evaluation of the Imperial Navy". An element of racism was clearly present in some British beliefs: that the Japanese, though courageous, were "slow-witted", for example, or that they were incapable of handling high-performance aircraft. When it comes to the ideas and attitudes of the Japanese Navy, however, Marder makes two assertions that are open to serious question: that the attention of that Navy in the years leading up to the war was so focused upon the US Navy that it had "little time for, and even less interest in, thinking through the problems of a war with Britain"; and that "the Imperial Navy went to war with Britain reluctantly". There were indeed, of course, those within the senior ranks of the IJN who continued to prize the long-standing association with their British counterparts. Yet by 1940-41 such men were in minority, and were in the process of giving way to other officers, both of flag rank and lower, notable for their aggressive and anti-British attitudes. Marder himself quotes evidence to this effect, and acknowledges that "from the Tripartite Pact [with Germany and Italy in 1940] until the outbreak of war, the pro-war element had the upper hand

in the Navy Ministry and the Naval General Staff".

Was it with whom? Only fairly late in the day was it accepted that the United States would have to be included among those to be attacked, whereas the need to destroy the British presence in Southeast Asia had long been seen as an essential step towards securing the vital raw materials of the region. Again, Marder himself provides evidence which undermines his general assertion. For example, he approvingly quotes "the most authoritative study of the genesis of the [Tripartite] Pact" to the effect that in the Navy, as well as in the Army, those involved in studying the possibility "were already inclined to approve a triple military alliance against Britain". (Emphasis added.) Likewise, he places at the head of his first chapter a statement made in 1938 by an Australian naval officer who had been talking to IJN officers: "The Japanese hope to be able to fight England alone, and consider themselves quite ready to do so." That he wished to do so, Marder could also have cited, for example, a dispatch sent to Berlin in June 1936 by the German Naval Attaché in Tokyo, Commander Paul Wencker:

"On all my visits [to Japanese warship and shore establishments]... I was able to confirm, to my surprise, that by contrast with the period of more than six months before, when the whole Japanese Navy had still seemed to [view]... America as the only future opponent, of late a fundamental change of attitude has come about... America is no longer regarded exclusively as the future enemy, but now it is primarily England... The objective of Japanese policy must be to smash the [encircling] policy of England, cost what it may. [From an unpublished translation of the Attaché's War Diary and cables by Dr J. W. M. Chapman.]

It seems possible that Marder's confusion over these issues, and above all his comfortable assertions that appear in his Preface, spring from the extent to which he relied upon the testimony (perhaps of a somewhat bland kind?) of retired IJN officers. This technique of gathering opinions from the former great or former members of their staffs was of course a prominent feature of Marder's previous and celebrated studies of the Royal Navy. It played a significant part in his long-running dispute with Britain's Official Naval

Historian, Captain Stephen Roskill, over the role of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, as First Sea Lord during the first part of the war (a dispute to which Marder returns in the present volume when he seeks to justify, less than convincingly in this reviewer's opinion, Pound's eventual giving way to Churchill over the dispatch to Singapore of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*). Unsurprisingly, Marder also made extensive use of documentary sources in his work. Obviously, too, the testimony of those who were involved in an episode which he is exploring can be of value to the historian. And obviously, again, Marder's achievements as a student of British naval history were considerable, as was his courage in the face of adversity. Such has been the status some have bestowed upon his writings, however, that it seems necessary to indicate that those volumes do nevertheless invite questions involving, and simply some of the judgments they contain, but their author's approach as a whole. Dr Jon Smith, in an article published in the *Journal of Modern History*, has already raised such questions over Marder's work on the Fisher period. Nor can they be ignored where the present volume is concerned, much as one would have preferred to be able to invite a response from Marder himself.

The crux of the matter is indicated by two of the author's statements that appear in *Old Friends, New Enemies*. One, quoted in an introductory, personal memoir of Marder by Peter Kemp, is to the effect that the historian should never criticize a person on the basis of knowledge not available at the time to the individual in question, and that his "real task" is "to look at yesterday with the eyes of yesterday". The other is the declaration made by Marder himself in his Preface, that he brought "no theories of history to his research", and that he was "essentially a narrative historian". It is difficult not to see in such statements the suggestion that Marder was able to handle his material with a particularly high degree of objectivity; but whether or not this is a correct inference, questions arise at two levels. The first involves aspects of what Marder, his declaration made, offers his readers. Is it a matter of objective narrative or of debatable analysis, for example, when he states that "the origins of the Far Eastern war were cumulative and date back to the Manchurian and China incidents [of 1931 and 1937]? Or again, on what or on whose evidence (none is cited) does he base the assertion that "the ship's

This passive pair of guardian demons (tami) are to be included in a sale of Japanese works of art to be held on December 8 at Christie's, 8 King Street, St James's, London SW1. They are each about 165cm high, are made of lacquered and painted wood and their terrifying aspect is increased by their movable inlaid glass eyes.

company [of the *Prince of Wales*] was a mixed one, mostly 'hostilities only', and the hour could be difficult?" (Emphasis added.) No further reference to this alleged flaw appears, tribute being paid, rather, to the "exceptionally high spirit and discipline" displayed by the aforesaid ship's company during their final battle.

Specific questions of this kind, which arise on a number of other occasions in *Old Friends, New Enemies* as they do in earlier works of Marder's, point to an all-embracing issue of a more fundamental kind. Can there be, in fact, such a thing as "narrative history" which is independent of all "theories"? On what basis and by what criteria, implicit if not explicit, is this item of narrative included and that one left aside? When Marder himself, entirely legitimately, offers a statement concerning the origins of the Far Eastern war, do not certain theories lie behind his assertion that those origins can be

traced back to the crisis of 1931, rather than, say, to the development of certain attitudes towards the West in post-Tokogawa Japan, or to the evolution of the prevailing international economic order? Did not a theory influence his decision to include in the present volume "a liberal infusion of the personal, the human, component"?

Another student of maritime affairs, Fernand Braudel, author of the majestic study *The Mediterranean and the World in the Age of Philip II*, has rightly observed that "narrative history is not an objective method, still less the supreme objective method, but is itself a philosophy of history". Perhaps it is in part because Professor Marder appears to have thought otherwise that, of the two books here reviewed, it is the less ambitiously conceived work by the relatively unknown Dr Neidpath that is the more satisfactory (in its unambitious professionalism).

demise as a creative economic force. The move to London, gradual, confused, defensive, and always mainly financial, was chiefly the work of the chairman, Laurence Scott, who emerges as an ideal proprietor who never interfered but thought deeply on long-term policy, as editors are not free to do. The *MG*, he thought, no doubt rightly, had to go national or go under. It was a question of advertising revenue per inch per thousand readers, or one may rub the point home the more so since in the 1960s the cover price produced under a third of the revenue. The slump of 1966-67 nearly brought catastrophe, with the chairman of the *MG* wishing to merge it with Sir William Haley's *Times*, perhaps under Jo Orimond's editorship. Hetherington fought off what would have been essentially an absorption of the *MG*, doing so partly on the grounds of political tradition, partly because Haley generated a certain loyalty. His drama, however, certainly was a tough recovery came quickly enough for the *MG* to overtake *The Times* in circulation in 1971.

The *MG*, of course, is a "kepi" paper much like any other. It made heavy profits until 1961. In every year since then, it has lost rather large sums, the deficit being made up by the prosperous *Manchester Evening News*. The move to London has brought circulation, not profit. Hetherington, an excellent press historian, if rather a wooden writer on recent political history, shows some of the difficulties. The "Women's Guardian", though good for advertising and sales, was abolished in 1973 as sexist, after pressure from women journalists. (Something

similar has returned as "Guardian Women".) The Middle East was equally sensitive. Marks and Spencer cancelling advertising after differing from the *MG* line on the Six-Day War. The paper excelled in recruiting the brilliant young - who now is old enough to remember that it was the *MG* which created Bernard Levin. Then, unhappily, in 1968 the NUJ refused to allow direct recruitment to Fleet Street. An editor has small enough room for manoeuvre. He may get good Welsh coverage here, or discover if Richard Baerlein to treat tracing with the seriousness it deserves; but this is pointing with a small brush.

This, perhaps, is why Hetherington takes politics so seriously. The paranoid left have their fears of coups by retired generals; the paranoid right ought to be equally worried that the constitution as we know it, is about to be overturned by the machinations of politically motivated editors. Certainly a close inquiry into the aims, in terms of reconstruction of parties, of the editors of the *MG* and *The Times* over the last generation would go far to refute simple ideas of a Tory press. In all this talk of centre parties, there is a strong suspicion that the editors have been the fly on the wheel of the coach, believing it makes the wheels go round. Nevertheless, Hetherington certainly tells his tale as if he were a personage in high politics.

He has best cause for thinking so over Suez, when the *MG* taught a bemused Labour Party its lines. (The Queen's views on Suez, when people were "clawing" at each other in the Palace, may be found on page 49.) He was active in stirring the nuclear pot, promoted Callaghan for Labour

leader in 1963, and tried to wave on the abortive Grimond-Wilson talks of 1965. His book gives useful information on what the paper was trying to do in each election; required reading for the specialist, if buried in overmuch recrimination of the familiar. It is a Lib/Lab world, in which there is little personal knowledge of Tory leaders (and not too much of civil servants, businessmen, or trade unionists.)

Hetherington, if individually unexciting, was a good manager of an institution at a difficult time. He clearly thought that the maintenance of a political position should take first place over other concerns. Whether he achieved anything on these lines may be doubted. Certainly too serious and disciplined to be an exponent of radical chic, he perhaps stood for a tradition essentially opposed to many of the directions in which his paper was going. A lonely eminence, he appears to have reflected little on the great social forces which were transforming his paper: the creation of an opulent radicalism dependent on high public expenditure, the growth of the authority of the intelligence in national life. "Today," the *Guardian* recently wrote, "it's not enough to add a room or car port to the house, or swimming pool, heated, treated, and preferably covered, will add considerable value." All very well, but a long way from the bleak instructions issued to cub reporters in 1961, "our lowest priority in news is in the field of murder, sex and scandal"; and even further from the spirit of the septuagenarian C. P. Scott bicycling into the office through the Didsbury dusk. Hetherington created a thriving *Manchester Daily*, and presided over the demise of a great tradition.

Mindlessly meditating

By Rosemary Dinmagg

B. F. SKINNER:

Notes

366pp. Prentice-Hall. £11.95. 0 13 624106 9

A psychologist who writes literally and keeps a notebook of jottings that aspire to the condition of epigrams comes into the dog-on-its-hind-legs category (or kangaroo with a fountain-pen, in Wyndham Lewis's words). That B. F. Skinner, king of the behaviouristic school of psychology, should keep such a journal may surprise people, even if they also know him as author of the novel *Walden Two*; but in fact his first ambition, as related in his autobiography, was to be a writer. He spent a year after college trying, and failing, to make the grade as a literary man, and presumably he wrote about hopes, fears, wishes, ideas, and all the other "mentalistic" variables he has since discarded. When inspired by Bertrand Russell's account of J. B. Watson - he turned to psychology and became the most celebrated exponent of a philosophy that denies their relevance, he took his revenge on the unwieldy things.

Skinner has remained the most celebrated of the behaviourists, while Guthrie, Tolman, Hull - giants in their day - are forgotten. Partly it must be because of the streak of author in him which has enabled him to write for non-psychologists and extend the whole notion of Pavlovian conditioning from the rat cage to social life; perhaps it owes something to his original notoriety as inventor of the "Skinner box" - an air-conditioned, sound-proofed glass cage - in which he brought up his second child for a year (it is said that Mrs Skinner popped the baby out as soon as he was safely off to work). The box was even marketed, as the "Leir Conditioner"; but it never caught on.

Conditioning has caught on, though, and for nearly half a century (assuming it to be on the wane) has been the centre and focus of academic psychology wherever the subject was taught. The "laws" of reinforcement (ie, reward) have been researched with an elaboration that makes medieval theology look down-to-earth. The behaviourist, of course, considers himself the very opposite

of the theologian, because he studies only behaviour, only what can be observed and recorded; but the number of angels that can stand on the head of a pin is really more interesting than the number of times a pigeon will press a lever to get a food pellet, or than Skinner's "Laws of Behaviour". (Example: "The Law of Prepotency. When two reflexes overlap topographically and the responses are incongruible, one response may occur to the exclusion of the other.")

It is hard for people in other disciplines, concerned with the intellectual movements of history, the personal details of biography, or the imaginary events of the novel, to conceive of a ruling school of study which dismisses all these as "supposed nonphysical events", not available to scientific study and therefore irrelevant to human psychology until such time as they can be analysed physiologically. William James in 1890, in his *Principles of Psychology*, was still able to write judiciously well on "The Stream of Consciousness" and "The Self" as on "The Functions of the Brain" and "The Muscular Sense" (though he privately complained that he found the latter infinitely boring). But, given the insoluble body - mind problem that has always dogged psychology, the extremist solution of behaviourism presumably had to be tried out sooner or later. It has been tried out for a long time now, and come up with practically nothing of interest to the human race. And meanwhile a subtle caste system has come into operation: as the pure mathematician or physicist feels superior to his colleague in applied science, the white-coated psychologist who believes he is working on a level unconnected with the messy and the personal looks down on his colleagues in education or psychotherapy or penology. There seems to be something almost Platonic in this aspiration to abstraction and mathematics.

So how does a writer who has discarded "ideas" fill his journal? First, of course, as behaviourists must. Skinner cheats linguistically, in *About Behaviour* he excuses himself for using "mentalistic" phrases by the fact that the English language is "heavy-laden with mentalism". I see no reason to avoid such an expression as "I have chosen to discuss..." (though I question the possibility of free choice), or "I have in mind..." (though I question the existence of a mind). So here we

find him, reluctantly, "thinking", "pondering", and "receding" quite a lot of time. But, as two often, he pulls himself together and translates into behavioural language. "That little thinking one does on a cruise" is rapidly followed by "fresh stimuli take over, wholly prepotent over the self-stimulation of reflective behaviour". "When we say that a musical theme 'frustrates our expectations', he asks, 'can we describe the fact in another way?' Alas, yes, in twelve lines. Those more successful as writers than Skinner hit the dead spectacularly. Stendhal's 'le faim des yeux que je ne considère comme fouteuse' is rendered: 'She resembled others who have been sexually reinforcing and I therefore react to her as I react to them'. An entry headed 'Tea and Macleines' is a rather uninteresting description of a bathroom experience involving toilet, soap, and oil of cloves. "Whitehouse had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him" becomes "His behaviour had not for some time been contingency-shaped, and he was also unable to analyze the contingencies". I believe that even the cases Skinner adds, "how much easier to put it as James does". And here is the nub of the matter:

I love poetry and am moved by it, but it is basically a kind of fraud. It is truth for the moment, to match or support a feeling, and like music is justified accordingly. I do not want to destroy it. But it must not be taken seriously. Or permitted to interfere in serious matters.

No, Skinner is not teasing. He is quite serious and quite literal. At the best, behaviourism allows him to exercise a little irony, as when he comments on colleagues' academic plays (quite as bright as those of pigeons) or some common sense, as when he suggests improving the dustman's job by supplying a smart uniform. He is not an unkind man; he has always insisted that when society is behaviouristically shaped it will be in the most benign way (rewards, not punishments), and he includes a speculation on replacing the unfairness of children's snowball-throwing by snowballing groups, to cooperate on specially designed targets. But it wouldn't work, and it is dangerous to be blind to the reality of cruelty as in poetry.

There is a certain fascination in seeing how well he can stary within his chosen limits without wobbling, like watching a man in a slow bicycle race. On the one hand he intimates about his answer to a student's question - "What is love?" "Mutual reinforcement" - and decides that it is all right. On the other hand, there is an entry about sunlight diffraction through an icicle which "a poet or a metaphorical prose-writer" could make a lot of; as the icicle bends the rays so that it glitters and avoids melting, so "we are alive only to the extent that we affect others. We are dead as soon as we live for ourselves." It is just in the area of the "metaphorical prose-writer", the as-if area, that Skinner shows up behaviourism most painfully. On the simplest level of action, for instance, he is puzzled by the fact that when held up in a taxi in a traffic jam he makes grunting movements even though they cannot speed the car up. At the other extreme, he writes of music (which he enjoys and even calls "sublime") that

It is said that both Bach and Wagner "could penetrate to the essence of a poetic idea and translate it into musical terms". But what did they really do? 1. They read a poem that appealed to them. 2. They wrote music to which it might be sung. They were successful if the music had the same effect on the listener as the poem. The effect was not an essence, and it was not translated.

How can he square this with his observation that his non-Germanspeaking daughter knew what had happened in an opera from the actual change in the music? Just occasionally, we see Skinner wobbling quite dangerously. When listening to music he gets the "sense of self". But why do I not simply sit in silence? He answers in another entry:

What does one do when there is nothing to do?

Things turn up which would otherwise be displaced and concealed. One discovers unfamiliar parts of oneself. As I have noted elsewhere, the absence of conspicuous control may suggest that this is not, the inner me.

It is often worth looking at. Has Skinner changed in any direction over the years, perhaps? Did these tentative queries cluster in the early or the late notebook? Since the entries are deliberately out of chronological order we cannot know. There is certainly no evidence that he has seriously modified his ideas during his career. The poverty of ideas he displays may not seem to matter much, but Skinner, Edgar Pierce, Professor of Psychology Emeritus at Harvard, represents the school which has ruled the assumptions and research in psychology departments for decades. The *Notes*, culled from over 2,000 pages and so presumably the cream of them, has been beautifully produced. Like the classic edition of a master, each snippet, as befits an author who once began to translate *La Rochefoucauld* into behavioural English (he gave it up, he writes, when it became "repetitious and mechanistic") is set out like an epigram and headed. The book provides, say the publishers, a "rare, fascinating glimpse into the life and thought of a man considered by many to be the most influential and controversial living psychologist". Whether the glimpse makes you laugh or cry depends, I suppose, on whether you consider human psychology amenable to reasonable study.

One result, at any rate, of reading the book is a positive storm of affection for the power of ordinary language, let alone poetry or music; for the little phrases like "he had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him". Compared to their translation into the language of behaviourism, they are as the most ingenious of transistorized gadgets to smoke-signals.

One result, at any rate, of reading the book is a positive storm of affection for the power of ordinary language, let alone poetry or music; for the little phrases like "he had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him". Compared to their translation into the language of behaviourism, they are as the most ingenious of transistorized gadgets to smoke-signals.

One result, at any rate, of reading the book is a positive storm of affection for the power of ordinary language, let alone poetry or music; for the little phrases like "he had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him". Compared to their translation into the language of behaviourism, they are as the most ingenious of transistorized gadgets to smoke-signals.

One result, at any rate, of reading the book is a positive storm of affection for the power of ordinary language, let alone poetry or music; for the little phrases like "he had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him". Compared to their translation into the language of behaviourism, they are as the most ingenious of transistorized gadgets to smoke-signals.

One result, at any rate, of reading the book is a positive storm of affection for the power of ordinary language, let alone poetry or music; for the little phrases like "he had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him". Compared to their translation into the language of behaviourism, they are as the most ingenious of transistorized gadgets to smoke-signals.

From Renaissance art to modern science

THE GROTESQUE IN ART AND LITERATURE

Wolfgang Kayser. Translated by the author from the late Renaissance through the romantic era to the 20th century - "a modern classic of criticism." - *Scholarly Books in America* \$10.40

RENAISSANCE THOUGHT AND ITS SOURCES

Paul Oskar Kristeller. "The lone is urbane, the scholarship impeccable, the dispatch of shibboleths purgative." - *The Key Reporter* "The influence exerted by Kristeller... has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries." - *London Times Literary Supplement* \$12.35

MAGIC, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION

J. Bronowski. "Bronowski doing what he did best - communicating the scientific world view." - *The New Yorker* "It is a heroic vision of the world the reader finds here." - *Kirkus Reviews* \$7.70

THE JONSONIAN MASQUE

Stephen Orgel. "A most thoughtful and perceptive book, and an important one to all interested in the history of the masque and its greatest practitioner." - *Modern Language Review* \$11.00

A HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

Reuben Fine. "A useful, objective, cogent analysis." - *ALA Booklist*. "Mr. Fine is hugely learned... his books will find a place on the reference shelves of psychoanalytic libraries." - *N.Y. Times Book Review* \$22.00

FRENCH SOCIOLOGY

Rupture and Renewal Since 1968 Edited and with an Introduction by Charles C. Lemert. "At long last, Charles Lemert corrects the American obsession with German social theory by giving us a sampling of the French... [his] brilliant introduction provides a definitive mapping of their intellectual ecology." - *Alvin W. Gouldner, Washington University* \$16.25

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
505 East 68th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Made in Manchester

By J. R. Vincent

ALASTAIR HETHERINGTON:

Guardian Years

362pp. Chatto and Windus. £15. 0 7011 2552 7

The *Manchester Guardian* has had a varied history. Founded as a weekly in 1821, it became a daily in 1855, and a penny paper in 1857. It represented commercial complacency at its plumpiest; its rival, the *Manchester Examiner*, no mean paper, was the great organ of Manchester radicalism in its heroic days. Not until late in the century did the *MG* (the *Guardian* was a church paper) emerge both as national force and as the embodiment of all that was forward-looking in the liberalism of Lancashire. Under C. P. Scott, the editor from 1872 to 1929, and himself a Liberal MP, the *MG* created no identity as profound as that of *The Times*, in which it has believed ever since. The purchase of the paper by Scott in 1905, and the noble gift by the Scott family of their holdings to a trust, have provided a stable basis for survival.

From Scott's death to 1956, the editorial ambience of the paper altered little. Scott's son and successor was drowned on Windermere in 1932. The next editor, W. P. Crozier, the son of a Methodist minister and grandson of a miner, went to Manchester Grammar School and, like C. P. Scott, took a first in Classics at Oxford. A quiet man, his recently published memoirs show that he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the great. Then, in 1944,

came A. P. Wadsworth, who started work at fourteen on the *Rockdale Observer*, and was the youngest member of Towney's pre-1914 WEA classes in Rochdale. Rising through the ranks, he became a name justly to be revered for his regard for truth, his hard-headed scepticism, and his scholarly achievement as the economic historian of the Lancashire cotton industry.

These men provided an alternative culture in journalism, an alternative version of Englishness and decency, that the Labour Party has usually not provided in politics; and if we judge the *Guardian* of today a little stringently, with its swimming-bath supplements and its crying from the house-tops that its readers dine out more often than those of any other paper, it is because we knew and loved the high seriousness of the old *MG*, which retained a loyal readership even though in most of the country it arrived a day late. All this did not change overnight when Alastair Hetherington (Gresham's and Corpus, Oxford; son of the principal of Glasgow University) took over from the dying Wadsworth during the Suez crisis of 1956. Patrick Monkhouse, deputy editor and chief rival for the succession, was, in the old tradition, a zealot for the High Peak National Park. Among the new men, John Cole, to no outside eye perhaps the best editor the *MG* never had, retained the classic astringency and freedom from metropolitan orthodoxy. But, though no death was intended, something died in the paper with the move to London, though compensating gains should not be neglected. Perhaps as important, something died in Manchester itself: a belief in the special authority of that city which had long outlasted its

Symptoms of crumbling-down

By Thomas Sutcliffe

ROBERT STONE:

A Flag for Sunrise

404pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.95.
0 436 49681 X

In 1941 Carlyle opened his series of lectures *On Heroes and Hero Worship* by speaking of the "common languid times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impossibly crumbling-down into ever worse distress toward final ruin". Robert Stone's novels have no heroes, but they are about similar times. He has earned himself a reputation, in America particularly, as a heat-generation Carlyle: a cultural conscience working through fiction. In his earlier novels *A Hall of Mirrors* and *Dog Soldiers* he pressed insistently on the bruises of America's mercenary and naive politics and the corrupting influence of Vietnam, and his work was praised by critics and the distributors of literary prizes more for its rigorous moral precision, the way in which it laid out shame and guilt without mitigation, than for its craft or style. Now, in *A Flag for Sunrise*, he has turned his hand to prophecy (an acceptance, perhaps, of the role assigned to him) and at the same time turned to consider the introspection of liberal America. The book is pervaded by a sense of the moral *café* which afflicts those who live in countries with the time and money to develop carefully argued moral strategies and then find themselves combat-trained, without wars to fight. The result is a disturbing and disappointing book which suffers in all senses from a lack of resolution.

A Flag for Sunrise is set in the imaginary Central Republic of Tecan, lying somewhere on the political map between El Salvador and Honduras, a blend of the actual and the potential. As I was reading the fictional account of the preparations for revolution and civil sabotage the news carried reports from El Salvador of the destruction of major bridges and the continued success of the guerrillas in that country. Stone clearly intends the book to be in part a warning that Tecan or its equivalent is America's next Vietnam, a suggestion aided by the direct comparisons made by one of his principal characters. The sense of a shabby economic dependence and of American support for a worthless regime is strong; promotional tee-shirts for American products seem to be standard wear, and the main attraction at Tecan's Palace of Culture, built no doubt by AID dollars, is midwest wrestling. But Tecan, the novel reveals you feeling, is almost uninhospitable, peopled only by Stone's principles. Father Egan, a rummy priest suspicious of God's indifference, or worse, his undeclared departure; Sister Justin Keeney, a fatigued nun who seeks purpose in revolution; Hollivell, an anthropologist whose post includes work for the "Compin" in Vietnam; and Imho Tibor, an amphetamine-nunching doctor with a paranoid which is justified by every turn of his short and brutal life. As Tecan and its rulers, betrayed by CIA "intelligence", head towards revolution Stone elaborates variations on a theme of fear and loathing which finally meet in the deliberate anti-climax of the novel.

Equally persistent is the theme of confession. The novel's opening promises an exploration of the truth contained in La Rochefoucauld's maxim: "We confess to our minor sins in order to prove to people that we have no major ones." But it ends

by illustrating the fatal circularity of placing faith in confession as a means of improvement and at the same time despairing of its effectiveness. Perhaps the reason for the enduring fascination of Vietnam for Stone is that it provided a "minor" sin, a ready guilt to explain the shame which in truth preceded it. In one of the most successful set pieces in the book Hollivell delivers a drunken lecture at the National University of Compostela which turns to maudlin cultural disgust, a critique with more echoes of Carlyle:

All civilized men - fascists and leftist intellectuals alike - recoiled and still recoil at Uncle Sam's bizarre creation, working masses with the money and the time to command the resources of their culture, who would not be instructed and who had no idea of their place . . . This achievement of police society is what we are now selling you.

Hollivell's indulgent self-abuse earns him both a rebuke from the more academic Compostelans who see in it moral decadence, ethical niceties inappropriate for their needs, and death threats from the more excitable students who interpret it as simple Marxism in masquerade. Stone reserves his own contempt for the complacency that such contempt implies, the ease with which Hollivell and others like him accept honesty about past crimes as a substitute for action. This perfunctory error of confusing the act of confession with absolution is shared, tellingly, by the brutal and psychopathic Guardia lieutenant Campos, who demands confession from Father Egan twice in the book, the second time after torturing and killing Sister Justin. In a bleakly funny scene Egan, vaguely conscious through the run of his pastoral duties, instructs Campos that confession will not work unless he at least attempts to give up killing young

girls. The elements of True Confession and Resolute clearly remain a mystery. Campos is finally told that God does not care anyway and consequently that mercy does not exist. The implication for the ungodly improvement are equally comfortable. But despite the clarity and accuracy of this theme the novel leaves a feeling of failure and dissatisfaction, not only because the revolution, a repository for many hopes, itself fails, but because the anxieties of the characters are shared by the book. Stone's style in his earlier work was always highly coloured, but here it degenerates into boozy metaphysics and embarrassing history. The rot starts with Hollivell's reference to "the whirling tidal pool of existence" but later references to "the great stinking jakes of the mind" and, on the next page "the wet cave of consciousness" can't be explained away as a successful imitation of drunken banality. When Hollivell and Justin make love they achieve orgasm as a

process of ocean" whatever that is. The writing is, at times, so bad that "shameless" seems the appropriate word, as though Stone's sense of despair at self-judgment had extended to his writing.

The novel ends with Hollivell's acquiescence in violence and an end of his fear. "A man has nothing to fear, he thought to himself, who understands history." It is a deeply pessimistic final sentence, but it suggests perhaps that Stone still harbours hopes that history will not be repeated in El Salvador. Carlyle, who had as little time as Stone does for indecisive introspection, had even less for the impulse towards prophecy, and his warning at the beginning of *Signs of the Times* serves as an epitaph for the concerns of this unsympathetic novel. "It is no very good symptom either of nations or individuals that they deal much in vaticination. Happy men are full of the present for its bounty suffices them; and wise men also, for its duties engage them."

Confusion and misrule

By Frank Tuohy

BROWN MEGGS:

The War Train

A Novel of 1916

340pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.
0 241 10393 2

Historical novels, which must deal with feelings rather than facts about the past, often get involved in questioning or revaluing popular myth and legend. *The War Train* is no exception: it is subtitled "a novel of 1916" - a legendary year for there ever was one, the Western Front and Easter in Dublin both being sources of a highly charged mixture of historic fact and mythology. The train in question, however, is not going in either of these directions. It is carrying US cavalry from Fort Meade, Dakota, towards the Mexican frontier. The purpose is a punitive expedition, led by General Pershing, against the Mexican rebel Pancho Villa, and the troops involved are veterans of another imperial pacification in the Philippines.

As the train makes its ill-organized progress towards the border, confusion and misrule take their toll. Without proper carriages, the horses die in large numbers and their bodies are dumped beside the railroad track. At Omaha a private carriage, containing the millionaire Otis Webster, his wife and pretty daughter, female companion, priest and servants, joins the train. They are to be spectators of the little war that is being planned. At one town the reception becomes riotous. Prostitutes are smuggled on board, a poker game ends in a violent death.

Laden with such exemplary symbolic freight, the train proceeds southward. The journey is seen from the point of view of young Cassius McGill, an ingenious Nebraska farmboy of catholic Irish background; as a Pullman employee, this is his first post of responsibility. In spite of his youth, Cassius has already earned a certain heroic status as plucker for the Boston Browns, but his career has been ended by broken arm. This fact ensures that his misadventures will be looked on with tolerance by those in authority.

Brown Meggs - his name suggests a minor peek in the Lake District - has already written three other novels. "In 1976", we are informed, "he resigned his corporate posts in order to commit himself to a second career as a fiction writer." In common with other novelists today, his allegiance to fiction appears to be an incomplete one. *The War Train*, he tells us, is fiction based on fact: not only does he give the names of people and institutions which have helped him, but he also provides maps, a plan of Webster's luxurious carriage, a political cartoon showing Villa (who never appears in the story) being crushed by Uncle Sam's

boot. Historical figures appear in minor roles - George Patton as a junior officer, Damon Runyon as war correspondent - and there are extracts from contemporary newspaper reports. On the whole the narrative is sufficiently authentic without these aids. One would guess that their intention is to convince the casual reader that he or she is not wasting time but learning something.

Even without such help, the earlier chapters, full of technical details about the railroad, carry conviction. The novel forges ahead with something of the innocent enthusiasm of its young hero. Later, however, it becomes clear that the tension between fact and fiction is not easily to be resolved. Historical myth and historical reality can be disentangled and legends unlearned. In America there is an additional problem. Those of Mr Meggs's generation (old enough, that is, to have given up "corporate posts") will not just have learned the myths from tradition but will also have seen them in action, first in black and white and later in technicolor, in the Hollywood products of the 1930s and 1940s. A novel like *The War Train* fights a losing battle against the dominant images from the cinema.

There are some victories, of course. Hollywood never told us what all those frilly girls in the saloons, shepherded by some wise-cracking matron, were really up to. In this novel, the hookers, it can be said, really hook. Again, the hero's friend captured by Mexicans is mutilated in ways the old cinema public would hardly have tolerated. But in the matter of characterization the tradition seems inescapable: the drunken horse doctor is Thomas Mitchell, the benevolent millionaire is Charles Coburn in person; Slim Summerville, Harry Davenport take minor roles - a whole Hollywood generation is to the offing. These considerations dominate the excitement and melodrama of the conclusion. "Fiction based on fact" perhaps, but by then the facts are far behind.

Marginalia, by Edgar Allan Poe (235pp. University Press of Virginia. \$11.95. 0 8139 0812 4), reprints for the first time all seventeen instalments as originally published in magazines between 1844 and 1849. The *Rambling Soldier*. These volumes are virtually unobtainable, as also is the 1953 edition of her *Collected Poems*, prefaced with a memoir of the poet by Alda Monro. Mew's stories and essays appeared in isolated magazines. Some (including a play broadcast by the BBC in 1953) were never published. *Charlotte Mew: Collected Poems and Prose* not only makes her poetry available once more but provides an opportunity for an assessment of her prose.

Val Warner's introduction combines a summary of the themes in Mew's work with a brief biographical sketch. As she points out, the poet's reluctance to disclose details of her private life has led to various speculations about her sexuality. T. E. M. Boff, for example, caused a mild flutter in the pages of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* by quoting a letter which related an anecdote attributed to May Sinclair of how "a lesbian poetess called Charlotte M." had chased her upstairs into a bedroom. But what Val Warner calls "the mystery of Charlotte Mew" is perhaps no mystery at all. Like her contemporary, the painter Gwen John, whom in many ways

Managing the unmanageable

By Vicki Feaver

VAL WARNER (Editor):

Charlotte Mew

Collected Poems and Prose

415pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £9.95.
85635 260 8

A report of her death in a local newspaper described her as "Charlotte Mew, said to be a writer". Yet Charlotte Mew (1869-1928) was in Virginia Woolf's opinion "the greatest living poetess". Siegfried Sassoon claimed her as "one of his spiritual benefactors". Writing to her friend Sir Sydney Cockerell, he predicted that "many will be in the rubbish heap when Charlotte's star is at the zenith where it will remain". Even Ezra Pound was an admirer, and both sent off some of her poems (though unsuccessfully) to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and published "The Fete" in *The Egoist*. More than a decade later, writing with his usual candour to inform Harold Monro that his anthology *Twentieth Century Poetry* (1926) was "the usual god damn sugar loaf of brish poetry", he conceded that it was "worth having for the Ger. Hopkins Leadon Echo and the Charlotte Mew".

In 1918 Mew received a letter from Hardy's second wife, Florence, expressing "the immense pleasure" given to Hardy by her collection *The Farmer's Bride* ("It now lies by him on his study table and I have read all the poems to him - some of them many times"), and inviting her to visit Max Gate. "Miss Mew" Hardy himself exclaimed to Vere Collins, indignant at her exclusion from J. C. Squire's *Book of Women's Verse*, "is far away the best living woman poet - who will be remembered when others are forgotten." When Cockerell and Sassoon got up a petition to obtain a Civil List Pension for her, Hardy - along with Massfield and de la Mare - was one of the signatories.

Hardy was notoriously susceptible to literary ladies. However it seems likely that in Mew's case his admiration was genuinely that of one writer for another. Her poem "Fin de Fete", copied out in his hand, was found among his papers after his death. Mew thought of him as "her King of Wessex" - a continuing giant in a plummy age. But Hardy, though in his seventies, was not above learning from her. The final stanza of her poem "Woman much missed", for example, exploits rhythm to evoke extreme emotion in a way remarkably similar to the end of Mew's "The Farmer's Bride" (published in the *Nation*, in 1912). Hardy's "No-body comes", as Robert Gittings has noted, is clearly inspired by her poem "The Quiet House".

The Farmer's Bride was published in 1916 by Harold Monro, proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop. In 1921 he brought out an enlarged edition (published as *Saturday Market* in America) and in 1929, posthumously, *The Rambling Soldier*. These volumes are virtually unobtainable, as also is the 1953 edition of her *Collected Poems*, prefaced with a memoir of the poet by Alda Monro. Mew's stories and essays appeared in isolated magazines. Some (including a play broadcast by the BBC in 1953) were never published. *Charlotte Mew: Collected Poems and Prose* not only makes her poetry available once more but provides an opportunity for an assessment of her prose.

Val Warner's introduction combines a summary of the themes in Mew's work with a brief biographical sketch. As she points out, the poet's reluctance to disclose details of her private life has led to various speculations about her sexuality. T. E. M. Boff, for example, caused a mild flutter in the pages of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* by quoting a letter which related an anecdote attributed to May Sinclair of how "a lesbian poetess called Charlotte M." had chased her upstairs into a bedroom. But what Val Warner calls "the mystery of Charlotte Mew" is perhaps no mystery at all. Like her contemporary, the painter Gwen John, whom in many ways

she so closely resembles, she probably entertained passionate feelings for both men and women.

Florence Hardy described Mew as "a pathetic creature", Edith Sitwell as "a grey tragic woman", and Louis Untermeyer describes the "dark and gloomy house" at the top of it rented so that they could pay for the little food needed to keep them alive" where "Charlotte, a younger sister Anne, and their helpless mother lived". But though the family certainly lived in reduced circumstances after her father's death, Mew's poverty was, Val Warner points out, a myth. She left a personal estate valued at £8,608. The spectre that haunted her was not starvation but fear of mental breakdown. Her brother and sister were committed to asylums. Charlotte and Anne decided early in life, according to Mrs Monro, that "they would never marry for fear of passing on the mental taint that was in their heredity".

Despite her liveliness and wit, Mew struggled continually with depression and at last died, at 58, of cancer she finally lost her precarious mental balance. Tortured by the idea that "as she had not had a vein opened in Anne's wrist her sister might have been buried alive", she killed herself by swallowing a bottle of Lysol.

Unsurprisingly, this preoccupation with mental illness surfaces in her work. In the ironic, deceptively naive lyric, "On the Asylum Road", for example, she seems to be suggesting that the inhabitants of "the house whose windows - every pane - are made of darkly stained or clouded glass" carry the burden of sin for the whole community. A longer narrative poem, "Ken", presents a moving and vivid portrait of a hansom driver, at first tolerated by the inhabitants of the God-fearing town in which he lives but finally, because by his strange behaviour in church he mocks their beliefs, led away to "the red brick barn on the hill". Like Crabbe's Peter Grimes, he is given a visionary stature. By employing a narrator who, like Crabbe's, is both a witness and involved in the events, and who, though sympathetic, shares the beliefs and prejudices of her pious community, Mew subtly questions conventional attitudes to the mentally ill.

Several of the characters in the stories, too, shows signs of mental disturbance. In "Spine", Mew employs a stream-of-consciousness technique to convey the failed-painter protagonist's feeling of unreality. There was nothing there. Not the wallpaper, not the stove; not really there; not solid, only like things that aren't; like tree-shadows, the ghosts of leaves. The sheets too - he remembered some in Brittany, at Douarnenez; he had set up all night, what did it matter? If you slept; if you could only sleep. . . .

Fear of madness obsesses the narrator of her first published story, "Faded", a blend of romanticized squalor, a gothicish and soul-searching. The style is stilted and over-blown, but there is considerable interest in Mew's attempt to explore the mind of her narrator: her response to death, to human suffering, to mental abnormality (there's a scene with an "idiot girl") and to her own potential insanity. Henry Harland (who published the story in *The Yellow Book* of 1894), gave her some sound advice about its revision:

I look down your page and I cannot help feeling that you would lose nothing, but rather gain much by the substitution of less violent phrases . . . I mean, one gains so much in climactic moments by restraint and reserve; one loses so much by making one's language superlative.

Mew toned down the offending passages, but the comment remains a valid criticism not only of "Faded" but of her prose style in general.

Encouraged by the acceptance of "Faded", she submitted another story to Harland, "The China Bowl".

renunciation, and the peace and resolution of death - are those of Mew's work also.

An essay on Emily Brontë and a review of Richard Jefferies's *Field and Hedgerow* provide further insights. As is revealed by her poems "Domus Cnedit Arborem" and "The Trees are Down", together with a delightfully quixotic essay "Men and Trees", Mew shared Jefferies's conviction that "the earth is right and the tree is right, trim, clear, and all is wrong". Though lamenting his paganism - she herself seems to have been able to reconcile nature worship with vaguely Christian beliefs - she too thought of trees as embodying those spiritual values that the civilized world either has no time for or is actively out to destroy. Again, her fascination with Emily Brontë is apparent in her story "Elfinores". But as poets they are very different, though both are distinguished by a refusal to resort to the common female expedient of amiability. Emily Brontë, as Mew observes in her perceptive essay, "had the power of presenting images and impressions of a convincing reality with a neglect or disdain of detail". Her genius was "purely spiritual, strangely and exquisitely severed from embodiment and freed from any accident of sex"; her poems are addressed to the poetic imagination, to death, or to "the earth" - her passionate and only love. The dramatic lyric "Remembrance" to which (and not, as Val Warner rather misleadingly implies, to her entire output) Mew applied the phrase "the love song of a woman who never loved", was an exception. Mew's poetry, on the other hand, concerned with actuality and the passions of flesh and blood, depends on her use of realistic detail - the clay that sticks to the gravedigger's spade in "Nunhead Cemetery", for example, or the pulling up of a blind in "The Narrow Door".

"Not for that City", a sonnet published in 1902, shows Mew already able to realize her ideas in images of memorable clarity. However, it wasn't until several years later, when she stopped writing stories, that she began to develop fully as a poet. Abandoning more traditional forms, she experimented with short, sometimes imagist lyrics and adapted the lyrical-descriptive monologue, developed by Dowson, Symonds and Lionel Johnson, to evolve her own peculiar style of rhyming but rhythmically-irregular verse paragraphs linked by a sequence of associations.

Like Pound and Eliot, Mew employed the monologue as a means of distancing herself from her own emotions. Her protagonists, however, far from being cynical observers, are revealed at their moments of most intense feeling. Her object is not to provide them with masks but to strip them bare; to reveal the workings of their conscious and unconscious minds. Some of these monologues - "The Forest Road" and "On the Road to the Sea", for example - are marred not only by the offbeat tone of their male personas, but by incoherence. Even "The Fete" - a brilliantly conceived first-person account of a young boy's first experience of sex - lapses at times into an irritating evasiveness and ambiguity.

"Miss Mew: too much emotion for her art, for her intellect, for her will . . . the violence of over-wrought nerves does much to harm her power of expression", complained J. E. Lawrence. But while this is true of some of her poems, in others, where she deliberately set out to expose "the violence of over-wrought nerves", she is completely in control. "The Quiet House" is a good example (though according to Mew herself, "the most subjective of the lot").

The poem's objectivity is achieved partly by altering biographical details, but mostly by the skilful handling of the narrative structure:

A POETIC ADVENTURE OF WONDER AND
HEROISM IN THE WORLD THAT AWAITS US ALL

The
Quest
of
Aah
Alexan Farelane

"SHOULD APPEAL TO TOLKIEN READERS" - L.B.C.

IS THIS THE MEANING OF LIFE?

AVAILABLE IN ALL GOOD BOOKSHOPS NOW

Lashbrook & Knight

(Telephone 01-689 6616)

emotionally turbulent, at times almost hallucinatory passages are balanced by stretches of flat, though highly suggestive, description. The poem is a superb short story, from its anecdotal, deeply casual opening -

When we were children old Nurse used to say
The house was like an ancient castle far
Until the lot of us were safe in bed.
It has been quiet as the country-side
Since Ted and Nancy and then Mother died
And Tom crossed Father and was sent away.

To the subdued but devastating end
To-night I heard a bell again -
Outside it was the same mist of fine rain.
The lamps just lighted down the long, dim street.

No one for me -
I think it is myself I go to meet:
I do not care; some day I shall not think:
I shall not be!

In a letter of 1913 Mew mentioned "things now in my head rather unmanageable and possibly too big to pull off as in this form I am really a beginner". She was almost certainly referring to the meditative of all her poems, "Madeleine in Church". She had already used the Madeleine story in an early poem "She was a Sinner", as well as in "Mc Me Tangi-to", a dream-like, pastoral version of the theme. It may have been the discovery of the rather brittle and unsuitable contemporary voice in this poem that gave Mew the idea for her modern Madeleine. To locate her in the city she had personified, in her poem "Le Sacre-Coeur", as a prostitute ("Dear Paris of the hot white hands / Une jolie fille à vendre, très chère...") must have seemed obvious.

By placing Madeleine in a darkened church in front of a plaster saint, Mew deals ingeniously with the technical problem of interior monologue - how to provide the initial impetus for a stream of reminiscence and reflection. The poem is not, however, a meditation on saintliness - "If it is Your will that we should be content with the tame, bloodless things, / As pale as angels, smirking by, with folded wings, / I know Virtue, and the peace it brings!" Madeleine exclaims scornfully at one point - but a revelation

of human vulnerability, of tears about ageing and death.

Madeleine would desperately like to believe, but she can neither envisage a "Paradise beyond this world", nor accept the platitudes of orthodox religion. Her account of her lovers and ex-husbands - Monty "gone suddenly blank and old" / The hateful day of the divorce" and Stuart who "got his hands down, of course" / "Crowing like twenty rocks and grinning like a horse" - unfolds with the raciness of the Wife of Bath's Tale. In the verse, rhyme and metre are subordinate to the intimate and colloquial flow of the human voice (Mew insisted that her printers should preserve the long lines).

Much of the poem's impact is achieved by the way in which Mew subverts traditional religious imagery. "Underneath his wing / I shall lie safe and rest and freed from care", affirms Christina Rossetti, in her poem "Death is Swallowed up in Victory". But Madeleine cries, "Then safe, safe are we? In the shelter of His everlasting wings - / I do not envy Him his victories. His arms are full of broken things", employing the same image to create an appalling vision of the cost such a victory might entail. In this poem as elsewhere she brought to poetry particular techniques - arresting openings, the oblique revelation of plot, the use of carefully edited speech - which she had practised in her short stories. Like Edward Thomas, whose prose also suffered from his tendency to over-poeticize, she discovered in poetry the virtues of restraint and compression.

The Collected Poems and Prose, though fascinating throughout (especially for the glimpse into her childhood given by "Miss Bolt" and "An Old Servant"), shows that Mew was right to devote her energies, at her most creative period, entirely to writing poetry. Much of her prose now seems rather precious; the work of a talented beginner. Her best poetry, however, is memorable, moving, though oddly unclassifiable. It is no wonder that Eddie Marsh found her too idiosyncratic for the "comfortable charabanc" of the Georgians. She was, as Virginia Woolf recognized, "unlike anyone else".

On the knife-edge

By Anne Born

HERBERT LOMAS (Editor and Translator)

Terrestrial Song: Contemporary Writing from Finland 157pp. London Magazine Editions. £8.25. 094388 39 5

Despite being uneasily clamped between two polarized neighbors, Sweden and the Soviet Union, Finland has undergone a lightning cultural development since the Second World War. The Finn of the 1980s is as cosmopolitan and sophisticated as any of his fellow Scans, and the writers included in this anthology bear little resemblance to their predecessors. (These, chiefly because of the absence of a written vernacular until the mid-nineteenth century, were few. The great work in Finnish, published in 1835, was the Kalevala, a composite mythological epic, put together by the Finnish folklorist Elias Lönnrot; from the copious oral folk poetry he had collected from all over Finland and Karelia.)

Some of the authors selected by Herbert Lomas write in Finnish; but the cultural inheritance from centuries of Swedish influence is still strong and a number of leading writers use Swedish. The title, *Terrestrial Song*, emphasizes the knife-edge sensibility of the frontier-conscious Finns. The writing reflects the development of Finland into a capitalist democracy of whose standards of living, politics, architecture, and art have followed the Western European trend, although national characteristics have remained. The urban Finn still likes to commune with nature - the small

population of five million allows scope for plenty of this recollection of war form a major literary topic, and the Finnish blend of courage, stubbornness and grim humour is well represented.

The writers are twelve men and two women, ranging in age from the mid-fifties to twenty-five. They are poets, novelists, dramatists, psychiatrists, scholars, critics, editors and publishers. All are excellent. Poetry predominates, but five short stories provide a valuable contrast. The tone varies from Paevo Haavikko's tough cynicism through the touching story of loneliness by Matti Jousimäki, "Real Hair", and Kirsti Kunnas's verse, to the harsh but humorous, touching story of a killer, "The Engineer's Story", by Antti Tuuri. Eeva-Liisa Manner is a versatile poet; she writes of public issues from the stance of a disquieted visionary, describing the sufferings in a modern Hades. But she has a heartening sense of humour and has translated Eliot's cat poems. Herbert Lomas has re-adapted two of her adaptations, and the first line of "Jock the Growler of the Thames" - "Eliot's 'Growler' was a yobbo who lived in an alley", a brisk variant of the original "Growler" was a Bravo Cat, who travelled on a barge".

Herbert Lomas's versions are brilliant re-creations. Indeed, his style - as in his own poetry, direct and economical - is so masterly that it has a unifying effect on that of all fourteen writers. But comparison with earlier translations by other hands of, for instance, Haavikko and Sankari, shows just how good Herbert Lomas's are - light, lucid and right on the mark. The introduction and biographical notes on the writers complete this enjoyable book.



This lithograph by Pierre Bonnard, entitled "Dinanche Matin", is one of a series of illustrations the artist made in 1893 for an album of music, Petites Scènes Familiales by Claude Terrasse. It is reproduced from Bonnard - the Complete Graphic Work by the late Francis Bonvet (351pp. Thames and Hudson, £35, 0 500 09148 X). This is the first complete catalogue raisonné and includes an introduction by Antoine Terrasse, and 536 illustrations.

Chock full o' nuts

By E. S. Turner

CATHERINE CAUFIELD:

The Emperor of the United States of America and Other Magnificent British Eccentrics 223pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.95. 0 7100 0957 7

It is prudent in an author who writes about eccentrics to disarm the reviewer by saying that the choice of characters is itself eccentric. How odd must one be to qualify for this label? Is it necessarily eccentric to advocate, like Colonel George Hanger, a tax on Scotsmen who spend more than six months in England? Is literary incapacity, indulged in the face of ridicule, as by McDonagall and Amanda Ros, a mark of eccentricity? Is it eccentric to be able, like William Buckland, to dip one's fingers into the "blood" seeping from a statue, lick them, and say, "I can tell you what it is; it's beta urine"? Does a single recorded act of eccentricity like leaving a fortune to a cat or to Jesus Christ qualify one for a niche in this pantheon?

Catherine Caufield, who read sociology and anthropology at an American college, says that other writers in this field - a well-updated by now - have included witches, freaks, criminals, madmen and rogues. She has chosen "the pure eccentric, which is what might be defined as what is left when the types mentioned above have been filtered out". Eccentrics, in her view, must be funny. Her publishers call her book "dazzlingly funny" and so it is. In parts; but there are moments when, confronted by all those unwhipped misers and corpse-fanciers, one feels like a visitor dragged along to laugh at the population of Bedlam.

The eccentric who gives the book its title is a case in point. His self-styled Emperor of the United States was London-born Joshua Norton, who went bankrupt in 1856 after failing to corner the rice market. He declared himself, first, Emperor of California and then of the Union, and began adding out appropriate fantasies, like summoning Lincoln and Jefferson (unsuccessfully) to his presence in an attempt to call off the dog in a seedy lodging-house, the room in which was paid by his "loyal subjects". The people of San Francisco "always rose to their feet" when he entered a theatre, showing themselves to be little less eccentric than the Emperor. Robert Louis Stevenson apparently praised them for jumbling a "betwixt madman". Would the people of London

have played along in the same way? Emperor Norton may have been no different from the many Napoleons in the madhouse, or he may simply have been a humbug who knew how to exploit a joke. On the evidence here, we cannot say.

Many old favourites strut these pages: Squire Mytton, who set fire to his nightdress to cure his hiccoughs (a man, according to Edith Sitwell, "chased always by a high mad black wind"); William Beckford, the perverse jerry-builder of Fonthill; "Romeo" Coates, the diamond-upholstered Antiguan widely lauded for his incompetence as an actor; the Earl of Bridgewater, who tied his servants to his dogs at table; the Duchess of Queensberry, who used to seize a broom and start sweeping in order to speed the departure of guests; and the Scots judge, Lord Monboddo, "who thought infants were born with tattle which the midwives snipped off."

There is a good range of newcomers, some of them lightweights, others doughty contenders. A welcome, then, to the twelfth Duke of St Albans, who was so uncertain of the number and identity of his bastards as to be heard muttering to a friend at lunch, "What do you think? Is he one of mine?" And a round of applause for William Strachey, a former Indian civil servant, who so greatly admired Calcutta time - nearly six hours different from despatch Greenwich Mean - that he lived by it in Britain. A Strachey family doctor is quoted as saying that none of the family would ever go mad - they were much too eccentric for that.

A curious feature of the book is the number of recurring obsessions. The "bad" Earl of Lonsdale and the capricious Van Butchell, dentist and truss-maker, both embalmed their wives and kept them in glass-topped cases in the house (Van Butchell's wife had two "nicely matched glass eyes"). Brian Maguire, "a scion of the ancient and once-powerful house of Fermanagh", embalmed his twelve-year-old son and kept him in a glass case. Hannah Beswick, of Manchester, afraid of being buried alive, was preserved by her doctor, who kept her in a glass-fronted grandfather-clock case, with a velvet curtain, in his own house; on each anniversary of her death he visited her, accompanied by a witness.

Among those who liked to try out their coffins, both for size and comfort, were the tenth Duke of Hamilton (when he died they broke off his feet to fit him into his Egyptian sarcophagus) and Lady Cardigan, who was assisted at rehearsal by her butler. The chief concern of Margaret Thompson, who lived in Westminster, was that her coffin should be covered with her favourite Scots snuff. At her funeral fistfuls of

it were tossed to the mourners.

Some of the oddities practised were more widespread, perhaps, than the author thinks. A liking for the company of cows was inspired by a popular belief that bovine breath was therapeutic; people even went to cowsheds for "the cure". Sir Talbot Sykes was not alone in denying his tenants the right to have front doors: the eleventh Duke of Bedford forbade this luxury too, holding that it only encouraged women to gossip.

Sir Talbot's other habit of striking off the heads of his tenants' flowers with a cane ("Grow cauliflower!" was also shared by a duke, the canal-building Duke of Bridgewater, who vandalized all blossoms with a stick if his gardeners grew them at Worsley Old Hall).

Why, one wonders, was the excellent John Britton (d. 1714) included? He was the "musical cosman" who held crowded concerts for London's fashionable and discerning, and whose eye for rare books impressed distinguished bibliophiles. The author concedes that Britton, who never ceased to deliver coals, was a plain, cheerful, honest man, as many of his contemporaries testified. Perhaps his only eccentricity was to drop dead after being frightened by a ventriloquist. Again, was Lt-Col A. D. Wintle, of recent memory, an eccentric in any true sense? Or was he a blunt, forthright soldier with high standards he was not afraid to maintain, even if it meant debagging a solicitor in a good cause?

Only ten of the inmates of this book are women. This, we are told, is because women are trained to submerge themselves in husband and family and "small acts of female eccentricity are subsumed in the greater eccentricity of simply being female in a masculine world". So one of the first-fruits of the feminist wave should be a rich crop of female eccentrics.

Catherine Caufield does not bother the reader with notes. If she says Sir George Sitwell hired 4,000 men to dig a lake we must take it or leave it. Luckily those years spent reading sociology in America have not corrupted her prose. She writes dead-pan and lets the lives speak for themselves. On the debit side, several proper names are misspelled and there is a reference to "the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Fisher". Wyndham Lewis seems fated to be confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the humorist.

Peter Till contributes some delectable full-page illustrations, but the willfully eccentric page-fillers - little meo larking about with umbrellas and deck-chairs - grow a little wearisome. Trend-spotters may care to know that the book designer gets her polled biography on the jacket as well as the author end, illustrating

DONALD HALL (Editor):
The Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes
360pp. Oxford University Press. £8.95. 0 19 502938 0

In Life magazine during the war I seem to recall a feature about an aeroplane, possibly that beautiful object the P38 or Lockheed Lightning. Beside an example of the plane, on a large tract of paved ground, stood a massive assembly of people. At the front were the actual crew of the plane, one or two in number. Behind him or them, in an ever-broadening pyramid, and as far as the eye could reach, were all the other people required to get the thing into the air: the riggers and fitters, loaders and unloaders, armorsers, window-cleaners, cooks, nurses, psychiatrists (Freudian, Jungian and eclectic), chaplains of all denominations, career advisers, recreational personnel, military tailors, bus drivers, bus repairers, career advisers and psychiatrists for the bus drivers and so on.

This is something of an image of American literature, perhaps because it is an image of American activities in general, showing, as they do, a kind of tropical luxuriance. As far as the matter in hand is concerned, in the acknowledgments that so often constitute a large and obstructive vestibule which has to be navigated before one can get at the actual text of an American academic book.

Donald Hall pays his respects to this side of American literature in admitting to his selection of American literary anecdotes a large number of people one is a little surprised to find there. To start with there are several members of the real ground-crew of American letters, conspiracy Maxwell Perkins, publisher's editor, and Hamid Ross, the barely literate founding editor of the *New Yorker*. At least the anecdotes in which they figure usually involve writers as well.

That cannot be said of all or even most of the anecdotes about politicians and the like. The most notable of these politicians are Jefferson (to whom line poets are consecrated), the orator Daniel Webster, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Donald Hall excuses the presence of Jefferson by referring to him, quite correctly of course, as "the author of the American Constitution". Apart from that he is not widely read. His *Notes on the State of Virginia* is described by another Oxford reference book as "an unpretentious patriotic compendium", in other words the sort of thing the Duke of Orléans might have tossed off during a wet weekend.

Of Lincoln Donald Hall says "his written words, nobly assembled, reside in the American consciousness". The same could be said of Oliver Cromwell and the British consciousness, thanks to Carlyle, but it does not make Cromwell a literary man and he is not to be found in the anecdote collection made by James Sutherland on which Donald Hall's book is modelled. Unfortunately Lincoln is the subject, or victim, of a doubly undesirable anecdote. It is men to dig a lake we must take it or leave it. Luckily those years spent reading sociology in America have not corrupted her prose. She writes dead-pan and lets the lives speak for themselves. On the debit side, several proper names are misspelled and there is a reference to "the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Fisher". Wyndham Lewis seems fated to be confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the humorist.

Peter Till contributes some delectable full-page illustrations, but the willfully eccentric page-fillers - little meo larking about with umbrellas and deck-chairs - grow a little wearisome. Trend-spotters may care to know that the book designer gets her polled biography on the jacket as well as the author end, illustrating

Writing played a much larger part in Roosevelt's life than in that of the other three, with his naval history of the war of 1812 and his hearty account of the West, though I do

Punch-ups and punch-lines

By Anthony Quinton

not think he ever had to live by his pen as Churchill did. All the same, allowing for the rather large difference of scale between the two, writing bulked about as large in the life of one as of the other.

Moving on from politicians there are a couple of freed slaves, Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, who simply have one interesting story to tell, like Douglas Bader or the late W. F. R. Macartney. There are also journalists, such as Horace Greeley, and hacks of the Mills and Boone variety, such as Morrio Alger. Of the latter it is interesting to learn that as a clergyman he had used the ardent lads of his Cadets for Temperance for purposes of huggery. The parish committee (including the agreeably named Elisha Bangs) taxed him with this and he did not deny the accusation, admitting that he had been imprudent. Donald Hall says that one hundred and twenty success stories later, much richer and living in New York, Alger "kept a close association with the Newsboys' Lodging House".

A similar arresting lapse brings to the fore a central aspect of the life of American writers for at least the last century. Harriet Beecher Stowe went to call on the wife of the editor Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The day was casual, most evident as far as the matter in hand is concerned, in the acknowledgments that so often constitute a large and obstructive vestibule which has to be navigated before one can get at the actual text of an American academic book.

That story suggests inexperience. From the appearance of Wallace Stevens half-way through the book, drunk on two occasions with Robert Frost, and on a third with Hemingway and Dos Passos, drunkenness in one form or another turns out to be the main anecdote-provoking thing about American writers. As, indeed, it seems to have been their main leisure activity. It absorbs the best energies of O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Benchley, Edna Millay, Hemingway, Hammett, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Hart Crane and so on. The widespreadness of this intense commitment to drink among writers is weird. Or is it just that everybody drinks a great deal in the United States and that writers, being more sensitive, show it much more than everyone else?

There is a clear distinction between three phases of American literary history in this book, end, I suspect, in reality. In the first stage, before the emergence of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper fairly early in the nineteenth century, there is not all that much going on, apart from sermons and edifying or political verse, and the anecdotes are very thin. But one would not expect too much from the Oxford Book of Tasmanian Literary Anecdotes, to take a place of comparable popularity. Next comes the nineteenth century, as Van Wyck Brooks's stamping-ground. Donald Hall sees it as ending with Mark Twain and Henry James. The line would be drawn best somewhere between them, just after Bret Harte, say, and before William Dean Howells.

The anecdotes of the first phase are very small beer and the people they might be enlightening about are almost wholly devoid of literary interest. Cotton Mather's reflections on how making water can encourage edifying thought about God's mercifully sparing one from painful infection (if he has) and on the baseness of the body from which he will redeem us at least capture the attention. Paine comes across as unattractively rude. Freneau, like Hume, talks of his works as having "fallen deadborn from the press". In general this ancient matter seems to have been quarried from a Victorian guide for after-dinner speakers. Theodore Parker's funeral discourse on Daniel Webster reads like one of the crueler bits of parody in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Whitman is the first real anecdotal star, combining importance, impor-

teness and eccentricity in the right proportions. He published a private fan letter from Emerson in a daily paper, to Emerson's consternation. "I should have enlarged the fan", Emerson said when told about it. Whitman found Wilde "genuine, honest and manly", for more than one reason not unintelligible. His greeting for a visitor was "Howdy".

Whitman, the shy Quaker poet, inveigled into a tea-party, says, "I know there is going to have some kind of a fanlight". Melville is mildly damped with faint praise by Hawthorne - "He is a person of very gentlemanly instincts, in every respect, save that he is a little heterodox in the matter of clean linen" - and by a reviewer - "Had he possessed as much literary skill as wild imagination his works might have secured for him a permanent place in American literature." Mark Twain clues the second phase with a crisp example of the mutual civilities of authors. Asked if he knew Iret Hurte he answered, "Yes, I know the son of a bitch." This is a modest anticipation of the odious ill-nature of Robert Frost.

Henry James is one of a group of whom Donald Hall says that "each could be the subject of a book of anecdotes". James, of course, is, namely Simon Woolf-Smith's excellent *The Legend of the Master*. The odd thing is that one of the Jamesian anecdotes comes from that book. But the best of them, also in Sutherland, comes from Edith Wharton and deals, at unfortunately unquotable amplitude, with James's procedure as navigator on a car trip. An occasion given dinner to Maupassant when he was called upon by the warm-blooded story-writer to get him a woman at a neighbouring table ironically prefigures stories of the same basic structure about Americans in Israel and other such starchy places. Edith Wharton, it should be said, responds very contentedly to the guiding pressure of Aldous Huxley's hand on her behind, a measure of accommodation one might not have expected.

Donald Hall has culled four good items about Santayana from a fine but little known book about his later years by a slightly galling admirer called Daniel Cory, who took his role as Boswell to Santayana's Johnson so seriously that he asked the virgin philosopher's advice about an attack of gonorrhoea. All in all, Santayana was much more of a gentleman in his ladylike way than some of his female contemporaries were. While Cather is shown as self-importantly nasty, Amy Lowell is, curiously enough, pushy. Gertrude Stein comes over here as quite a good

sort, describing Hemingway as ninety per cent Rotarian and refusing to come down to eighty per cent and, in the anxieties of 1939 when Cecil Beaton had not come back from a walk in the rain, crying out to someone who asked if she had heard the war news, "Who cares about war? We've lost Cecil Beaton".

As we move into the Hemingway epoch writers form a real social order together for the first time since Emerson and the transcendentalists. The quality of life in this society does not come over as very elevated. No doubt the drinking kept it at its Glasgow pub level. The Fitzgeralds went in for tedious pranks. More widespread was a tendency to lapse into pugilism of a primitive kind. Morley Callaghan's movable fist moves more in these pages. Gene Tunney, visiting from a different part of the house of culture, has a quail, professional effect in this matter. Hemingway gets a hit above himself and has to be tuned with "a little liver punch"; for the next few hours Ernest was perfectly charming. On another occasion Hemingway hit Tunney low and was put in his place with an immense counter-punch which stopped a millimetre from his face with the warning, "Don't you ever do that again".

Marianne Moore shows unexpected expertise at the bull pen. Pound is memorably generous about Eliot. Eliot is finicky about the cheese at the Gerriek. Louise Bogan writes buoyantly about intercourse with Theodore Roethke. Langston Hughes rolls his eyes like Rochester in a Jack Benny movie. John O'Hara takes offence. Toward the end sadness makes over as more end more of the cast commit suicide: Harry Crosby, Hart Crane, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton: nitty poets in their misery island.

Against this background of gloom Auden shines out. His anecdotes are real anecdotes with a punch line. Even as part of the scenery he imparts a glow. Stravinsky observed of the crinkled face of his old age, "Soon we shall have to smooth him out to see who he is."

Like the scientists of the early Royal Society who proved for the mischievous Chorio (I o non-fect he had asked them to explain, one might be led into accounting for the behavioural extremity into which the anecdote seems to have declined by a press-fed appetite for sensation or again by the attenuated common life of writers in our age in the zoo-like surroundings of conference or "writer's colony". Auden shows that the explanation is not needed.

Nice and not so nice

By Peter Kemp

PHILIP GARDNER:
Kingsley Amis
174pp. Boston: Twayne.
0 8057 6809 2

Noticeably keen on nicecess, Philip Gardner isn't perhaps the ideal guide to that world of virtuous grumpiness, Kingsley Amis's fiction. Throughout his book, he keeps worrying about the personalities of the protagonists, trying to manoeuvre them into positions of least capture the attention. Paine comes across as unattractively rude. Freneau, like Hume, talks of his works as having "fallen deadborn from the press". In general this ancient matter seems to have been quarried from a Victorian guide for after-dinner speakers. Theodore Parker's funeral discourse on Daniel Webster reads like one of the crueler bits of parody in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

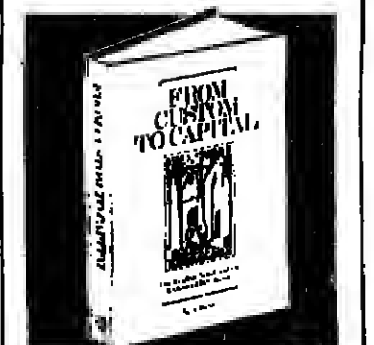
Amis's "bleekness and irritation". Oardner often seems engaged in the thankless task of arguing for the novels as repositories of warmth and compassion.

Never entirely comfortable, it seems, with the tone and tenor of the books, he can sometimes fail to pick up what is of significance in them. He declares, for instance, that the three passages read by the hero of *Jack's Thing* in between bouts of sexual stimulation "in a sex elite are paragraphs of tangential stuff... not apparently chosen for any light, ironic or otherwise, which they might cast on the story". In fact, they're quotations from Mill's *On Liberty*; and, as such, very relevant to the novel's examination of pseudo-emancipation and real freedom.

But, while Gardner's individual analyses of Amis's novels can be weak, he does supply a great deal of useful biographical material. He has rewordingly ragged Amis's interviews for helpful pointers. And he pays scrupulous and sometimes illuminating attention to Amis's Movement attitudes.

CORNELL University Press

The profound impact of the Industrial Revolution on life in England is universally recognized. Less obvious, however, are the connections between that revolution and the ideas, values, and attitudes of the people whom it affected. In *From Custom to Capital*, Igor Webb asserts that the linkage is close and important, not casual. He attempts to show that novels written during the years 1780-1850 reflect England's transition from an agrarian to an industrial nation: from custom to capital.



Market in his approach, Webb makes use of various techniques—close reading, original historical research, structuralist interpretation—to carefully connect the dots between key elements of social consciousness and the forms of fiction.

Among the novels he discusses at length are Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and Mansfield Park; Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*; and Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*. He notes parallels between political economy and the novel, showing how the three authors' characterizations of personal growth coincide with changing views of economic value.

The result of Webb's fascinating inquiry is a new and provocative reading of important texts: a reassessment of the writings of Austen, Brontë, and Dickens; and an illuminating picture of life to a society undergoing epochal transformation.

From Custom to Capital is broad in scope; it will appeal to students of the novel and of English history, to those interested in the connections between literature and society, and to those concerned with the implications of a broadly Marxist literary theory.

"Valuable reading."
—Library Journal



FROM CUSTOM TO CAPITAL
The English Novel and the Industrial Revolution
By IGOR WEBB

At your bookstore or from CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
Ely House, 27 Dover Street
London W1X 8HQ
or
P.O. Box 258, Ithaca,
New York 14850

Thrones and sitters

by Frances Spalding

Late Sickness Paintings 1927 to 1942
Hayward Gallery

When he painted the reigning Edward VIII, Sickert used a newspaper photograph as his source. The King, dressed in the costume of the Welsh Guards, emerges from a car and glances sideways as if at a waiting crowd. A red stripe scissors down the side of each narrow-towered leg. As a portrait of royalty, it is deceptively informal and surprisingly cruel, the momentary pose hinting at weakness and indecision.

Sickert was a cannily observant man. But if he shows us what he saw he does not always tell us what he felt. "Like Degas", Helen Lessore writes in the catalogue to the *Late Sickness* exhibition, "he remains emotionally aloof from his subjects." So aloof that at the end of his career he took his images ready-made, from photographs, popular engravings and French cartoons. Like snapshots, his paintings become cropped, arbitrary and hastily executed. The dry paint, often uncomfortably dragged across the canvas, suggests an anxiety, a lack of generosity towards the subject and his craft. Compared with the richness and concentration found in his earlier painting, his late work has often seemed like a sad coda to his career. *Late Sickness* is designed to challenge this view.

It affirms that Sickert never lost his hawk-like vision. Whether painting the rheumy eye of King George V, or Peggy Ashcroft as Miss Hardcastle framed by the architecture of a bare set, he was equally happy reiterating the benign sentiment and obvious compositions of certain Victorian artists. His admiration for these Victorian illustrators is sincere, but he handles the paintings in a summary and off-hand manner, their cynical treatment denying the humour and sentiment portrayed.

Sickert thrived on paradox. Roger Fry observed that, though by nature a libertarian, Sickert was "by sheer cussedness... driven to become the

advocate of Prussian discipline, of meaningless dexterity and of Victorian sentimentality". His praise of Victorian art was offered partly to needle Fry and to strike at the fashionable theory which upheld "formal purity" at the expense of "illustration". While Fry dismissed Sickert's "Derby Day" as a mere social document, Sickert declared it "humanly speaking, one of the great victories over death". Yet what he singled out for praise within this social panorama was a purely formal passage of contre-jour chiaroscuro.

The fall of light was for him a sufficient subject. It transformed a motif, while its transience gave urgency to his task. A large number of his late subjects are lit either from below or from the side. As Peggy Ashcroft observed, in his picture of her as Lady Teazle he was after not her portrait but the dramatic distortion created by the footlights. He still displays great technical assurance here, scumbling cream paint over coarse, hessian to convey the glitter of light on her dress. He shades the face of Sir Thomas Beecham, also lit from below, by brushing black paint over the nape of the canvas. Most of these paintings, however, are less studied than the Beecham, and deliberately light-weight. Few extend our looking in the way that his earlier Dieppe scenes make one see the town, even today, as if through Sickert's eyes. When he takes his source material too literally the paintings look less like Sickert's than coloured photographs. Nor do his theatrical subjects always have a visual drama equal to that of the scene portrayed. Nevertheless this exhibition impresses because of its adventurous range: it mixes film stars with miners, artificial flamboyance with domestic intimacy, slavish copying with anarchic bravura.

The catalogue (112pp, Arts Council Publications, Harbuck £8.50, 0 7287 0302 5, paperback £4 at the exhibition, £6 from bookshops) makes a valuable addition to Sickert studies with its contributions by Richard Morphet, Helen Lessore and Wendy Baron. But on certain crude material issues, such as financial pressures, ill health and the part played by studio assistants, it mainly

repeats far too often. There is too little in the performance to stop the audience seeing Sir Jolly as an indelibly dirty old man.

The play's version of such a man is Sir Jolly Duncie. He is literally dirty, unwilling to wash or change his clothes, and certainly old. At listening to his own foibles, Sir Jolly is repeatedly described as blind in one eye though virtually nothing in Mr Murphy's performance bears this out. It is true that he gets close to a genuine pathos at the end as the cuckooed father to acquiesce in his wife's continuing adultery. Yet that pathos in itself risks overbalancing the play, making the lovers seem merely nasty. O'Connell emphasizes that the marriage has only been forced ever because Glarinda's parents could not believe that Dilly Watling's Glarinda could be made to do anything she did not want. She controls and Sir Jolly is completely in her hands. The result is a play that is too sympathetic for the production's good.

Robin Archer's set has the variety and flexibility that the rest of the production lacks. With its drop-curtains and sliding balconies, the set is a sophisticated attempt to recreate the effects of the *Danger Garden* Theatre where the play was first performed in 1680. The result is a play that is too sympathetic for the production's good.

Dirty old play

The Soldier's Fortune
Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

Sheila Hancock's production of *The Soldier's Fortune* for the Cambridge Theatre Company is enough to make anyone a puritan. Otway's play is hardly overburdened with wit or sensitivity but what little there is has been flattened out, leaving only monotonous vulgarity. Towards the end, Captain Beauchamp finally makes it into bed with Glarinda, who was his love before he left her for the wars but is now married to Sir Jolly Duncie. As they lie talking, Sir Jolly Jumble creeps out from under the bed, blimp and yoyoy, Sir Jolly has, with the lovers' agreement, been despoiling his favourite place, taking his own peculiar pleasures from their love-making. The effect is not least because of the closeness with which the audience's interests in the lovers appear to parallel the play. Much more completely, Sir Jolly, in Shakespeare, Pandarus is now the dominant figure in the society of the play. Sir Jolly's leering and groping, as all the play has left of the wit and energy of *Of Etherage* or *Wycherley*.

It must be all right if Sir Jolly is a bit of a funny. Certainly, but the play does not find the time to make this funny, the only one of the three more than a passing reference to the rolling eyes of the audience.



François Bonhomme: "Le Maître-mineur Golois" (1866), from the exhibition reviewed below.

Protest and celebration in the Salon

By Kate Flint

The Realist Tradition: French Painting and Drawing, 1830-1900
Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum

Duranty, writing in 1856, claimed that "Realism is the opposite of a school". To speak of a school of realism is nonsense. His principle, that there is no such thing as a school, is a way of truthfully recording the contemporary world. It is behind this magnificent comprehensive exhibition. Still lifes of everyday objects, portraits of family and friends, interiors of artists' studios, and landscapes of identifiable locations, brought together in all their diversity - urban and rural, rich and poor - to present simultaneously an indication of the diversity of styles practised by French realist artists between 1830 and 1900, and a wide-ranging assemblage of visual social documentation.

The exhibition (which has already been seen in the United States) is significant too for the number of unfamiliar artists and paintings it introduces. Certain works are, admittedly, well known: Fantin-Latour's "The Two Sisters", Manet's dignified, paternal figure study "The Reader", and, from the Tate, Goeneutte's composition of the "Boulevard de Clichy under Snow". Other artists - Basile-Lepage and Lhermitte, for example, with their rural genre scenes - are familiar in this country, though canvases already dated down from provincial gallery store-rooms and hung in the end of the English painters of the Newlyn School. But other, once established, through works now re-born from large, dramatic studies of natural disaster - the families intruded in their dilapidated room in Antigua's "The Fire" or rescuing their crop from the muddy waters in the flooding of the Rhine in 1852 - through the slightly sentimentalized child genre scenes of Edouard Peire and particularly sought after in England after Ruskin praised them to the little vignettes of soldier life under the Commune produced by Isidore Pils. As it made clear in Gabriel Wolsberg's admirable, unobjection-

illustrated and very cheap catalogue (346pp, Cleveland Museum of Art with Indiana University Press, £8.50, 0 910386 60 9), art-historical and commercial interest in Realist art is growing rapidly: the exhibition seems designed to encourage the resurrection of other forgotten works.

The popularity of this art during the nineteenth century is unquestionable. It proliferated on the walls of the official Paris Salon, as well as in this, as do the numbers of favourable reviews, echoing Castagnary's enthusiasm of 1857 for this "human side of art" which takes the place of the heroic and divine side of art. This show's own organization follows the Salon categories of genre, still life, portrait and landscape in the group- ing of its canvases. Yet the thematic division does not entirely blur the historic development of the movement. The earlier paintings show a distance from romanticism and anecdote, but by the later 1840s, casualties of urban and industrial life: studies of soldiers, of street-dwellers, of the migration of starving peasants, as in Millet's "Wanderers", iconographically many of these figures are dependent on earlier "physiologies": anecdotal or exemplary collections of descriptions and engravings portraying vendors and artisans; yet the new social purpose behind the representation of these individuals in many realist paintings is unmistakable.

The use of art to convey protest increased from the 1870s onwards. Zola's belief that Naturalism involved only the representation of the surface reality, but an understanding of the nature of the subject portrayed, and of the subject's relation to his or her determining environment, took hold in painting as well as in literature. Certain canvases, bearing out these points, could well serve as illustrations to Zola's notions: Gilbert's large, lively painting of Les Halles, showing meat butchers slaughtered pig suspended in a courtyard; the fish market; Boivin's portrait of the butcher's yard; Dupré's other works, such as Adèle's "Attelier" showing a group of workers, and the Cutting of False Diamonds, showing people's attention shifts away from individualizing typology to the problems of whole sections of society.

But realism was a paradoxical style. Not only did it serve to stimulate social protest; its very fidelity to detail was equally adaptable to bourgeois complacency. Thus we have well-dressed ladies tucking into cakes in the shining interior of Béraud's "The Pastry Shop 'Gloire'", or smart Parisians throwing sticks for their manicured dogs in the banks of the Seine. Bonhomme's detailed drawings and paintings of mines and foundries celebrated, not condemned, the effects of industrialization. The state showed its support for certain themes through the works it purchased for provincial galleries: paintings which supported leftist social family roles, or like Pils' "Death of a Sister of Charity" attended on her death bed by a group of humble, grateful poor, which showed the Church providing assistance for the needy. The most outstanding examples of the official patronage of realism are not in the exhibition, though their photographs appear in the catalogue. In the latter part of the century, painters were commissioned to decorate public buildings: thus Gervey, for example, graced the town hall of Paris's Nineteenth Arrondissement with a highly formal civil marriage ceremony (paying homage to Zola by including him among the guests) and with portrayals of workers loading barges on the Quai de la Villette, and of the elderly and needy waiting for their state benefits.

What links these two strands of Realist painting - the condemnatory and the celebratory - is the accessibility of their style. From the large-scale Salon works to the delicate delineation of Léon Bonvin's atmospheric watercolours of Parisian suburbs, the movement was characterized by a straightforwardness of approach. Graphic clarity - well demonstrated by the selection of drawings which accompany these paintings - and the comprehensive detail assembled on the canvas surface combined to encourage a belief in the part of artist, patron and spectator of the messages communicated. Collected together in one exhibition, these visual messages present us with an image which is also far from ambiguous: an image of nineteenth-century France in which the contradiction between bourgeois complacency and social deprivation could not be more pronounced.

The history disease

By Peter Conrad

Pelléas et Mélisande
English National Opera

The music critics, loyal to cliché and routine, persecute any production of an opera which isn't a replica of every other one they've ever seen. Their intelligences have been retarded, perhaps, by their obsession with musical fidelity: a pettifogging concern for truth to the notes in the score makes them reluctant to countenance liberties of dramatic and scenic interpretation. They're vowed to the harassment of a director or who, like Harry Kupfer, dares to think anew about the works he stages, and who seizes the interpreter's privilege of re-envisioning, altering and extending the texts he treats. The meaning of operas, like that of all dramatic works, doesn't safely reside in the text but is the sum total of all possible and plausible performance. The meaning doesn't inhere, it unfolds. The interpreter is the text's rejuvenator. Hence Wagner's advice to the performers of his own works, "Kinder, schafft neues!"

For Kupfer, this obligation of renewal enjoins him to relocate or even dislocate the works he directs. Interpretation is a long epilogue unravelling through time, the text's after-life as it adapts itself to ages and places in which it didn't original-

ly belong. Kupfer's productions assist this evolution by bringing works forward into a future which they may not have known about but which they predict and indirectly cause. His *Fidelio* for the Welsh National Opera used the work prophetically, and assembled on stage, for the finale, the international brigade of revolutionaries who are the progeny of Beethoven's hymn to liberty. His new *Pelléas* is equally bold, and equally justified in its boldness, removing the action from the allegorical Erewhon of Maeterlinck's *Allemonde*, rejecting the gauzy impressionist indistinctness the critics expect, and making the opera an account of a specific society - the inhibitingly genteel, ornamentally top-heavy, expiring Europe of the years before the war of 1914.

The castle is entrenched behind barricades of logs, and the stray sleepers in its caves could be refugees unbothered by war. The patrician Arkel, withered and grey of flesh, propelling himself about in his wheel-chair on futile errands of appeasement or benediction, embodies the invalidism and collective death-wish of an entire society, like the inmates of Thomas Mann's *Sanctuary*, and like Mann's characters his ailment is one he has caught from history, an incurable *mal de siècle*. There are many such undiagnosable debilities in *Pelléas* - the offstage death of Pelléas's friend Marcellus; the illness of his father (to which

Arkel alludes); Golaud's obscure wound which bloodies the pillow after he is thrown from his horse; Mélisande's whimper, when she is arraigned, that she's not well, and her own wound, which is fatal even though the doctor says it couldn't kill a bird. Kupfer attributes these voluntary diseases to the morbid condition of the world the characters live in.

The sets of Reinhold Heinrich and Peter Sýkora are consequently sickly, and evoke not an impressionist pleasure but an indoor fernery for refined plants, a place of incubation for exotic germs. The constant items of furniture are two white staircases, housed within whose glassy but semi-opaque walls is a perverse vegetation of white feathers and asphyxiating webs, defunct blossoms or the cocoons of dead selves: a mauseoleum for plants. Black spidery tendrils clutch at the outside of these glass frames, less a natural growth than the advance of a malignancy, and a brassy vine thrives cancerously on the railings of Mélisande's death-bed. This antingling décor suits the opera's fatalism about hair (Pelléas loses himself in the forest of Mélisande's uncombed coiffure), for hair is the body's vegetation, and it too is an unnatural growth, continuing to sprout even after the death of the organism harbouring it.

Above the stage is another scenic image for this hermetic airlessness - an aquiline wing span which at first represents the forest where Golaud and Mélisande are lost, its black plumes and spiky bones resembling clouds of earth and roots of trees, but which unfurls and raises itself to disclose the castle. It remains aloft throughout, until, after Mélisande's death, its funeral pions enfold and enshroud the sickroom, symbolically re-interring everyone but Ynold and Mélisande's newly-born daughter. Because the wings, which are the ominous sky and the lurking clouds

Not like that

By Patricia Craig

The Grass is Singing
London Film Festival

Doris Lessing got the title for her first novel (published in 1950) from *The Waste Land*: "In this decayed hole among the mountains, in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing." The African farm where her heroine and her husband live is indeed a strip of blistering iron in the middle of a burning sun, its floor of bare brick; petrol boxes serving for cupboards. The novel is a study in degradation and demoralization, and Michael Reaumur's film follows the original text fairly closely in outline and feeling. It changes the setting, though, from Rhodesia to South Africa, and moves the period of action forward from the war years to the early 1960s.

The film opens dramatically with a shot of a white dog impaled on a stick; shortly afterwards the body of a white woman is discovered on a veranda. This is Mary Turner, who has certainly convolved at her own destruction, for reasons the story makes plain. "It is by the failure and misdeeds of a civilization that one can best judge its weaknesses"; this anonymous observation is one of Lessing's epigraphs; and Mary and Dick Turner, disparaged by their better-off neighbours as poor whites, represent failure, malaise and futility at their most striking.

It is Mary's story. The film ignores her miserable childhood, but shows her brief period of glory as a champion office worker, tennis girl and partygoer, before she succumbs to what Doris Lessing calls "that impalpable, steel-strong pressure to 'get married', after resisting it for as long as possible. The sexual instinct is not highly developed in Mary, just as the

instinct for prosperity is lacking in her husband. "She just isn't like that, isn't like that at all. Something missing somewhere." This judgment, uttered by one of her friends and overheard by Mary, is what precipitates the nervous crisis which drives her out of the girls' club, where she was happy, and into Dick Turner's impoverished farm, where she is not.

The rot in the Turners' lives can be traced to the same source as the rot in the country: corrupt relations between black and white. Every where in Lessing's novel we find oblique sympathy for the disaffected blacks. Mary's vicious behaviour towards her servants, Dick's unthinking epithets ("black savages") are part of an ingrained, universal settler contempt for natives. Mary's downward spiral, once she has given up the struggle to get round Dick's incorrigible hopelessness and better her living conditions, is marked most obtrusively by the tendency to assume a flirtatious manner (more pronounced in the film than in the novel) towards her houseboy Moses. Grotesque social behaviour alternates with despair and apathy to let us know that she has gone mad. It says much for the quality of the novel (and the film) that we don't find it excessive when a similar fate overtakes Dick Turner. He is not too far behind his wife in the race to lose hold of one's senses.

Karen Black brings an impressive edginess and sharpness to the part of Mary, but is simply too attractive to make a convincing sinner; even at her lowest she looks appealing. In the book there is something irredeemably arid and scrawny about Mary; her glossier appearance on the screen adds a romantic element to the murder, which was not part of Lessing's intention. It's a small shift in meaning, though, and it scarcely affects the racial character of this unusually faithful adaptation.

New Oxford books: Law and Politics

Courts, Prosecution, and Conviction

Michael McConville and John Baldwin

This book discusses some of the principal features of the prosecution process in the English legal system, covering acquittal without a jury, the pre-trial identification of weak cases, and the ways in which police gather evidence and in particular the significance of written and oral confessions. It is an important contribution both to the empirical understanding of what goes on within the criminal justice system and to the search for a more theoretical model of the working of the system. £12

UN Peacekeeping: Documents and Commentary

Volume IV: Europe 1946-1979
Roalyn Higgins

This is the last of four volumes of Documents and Commentary on United Nations peacekeeping operations, in which all UN forces and Military Observer Groups are studied. £36 Royal Institute of International Affairs

New Technology and Industrial Relations in Fleet Street

Roderick Martin

This book is an account of attempts to introduce computerized photocomposition in British newspapers between 1975 and 1980. It covers events at industry level, and events within specific companies. Events at the Financial Times, Times Newspapers, and Mirror Group Newspapers are examined in detail. £17.60

The Politics of Clean Air

Eric Ashby and Mary Anderson

This book is about an important episode in the social and political history of Britain between 1920 and 1975, namely the weakening of the public conscience about air pollution. It describes the many attempts to legislate for clean air and the technical and social obstacles which have frustrated these attempts, and assesses the present policy for clean air in Britain and the international implications of this policy. £15

Interest Groups in the United States

Graham K. Wilson

Interest groups have often been thought to play a crucial role in American politics, yet the evidence suggests that such groups have been poorly organized. This book provides a comprehensive survey of American interest groups, and a particularly concerned with explaining why there has been such an upsurge in interest group activity. £12.95 paperback £4.95

Oxford University Press

commentary

The serial continues

By Richard Osborne

Music of Eight Decades
Royal Festival Hall / BBC Radio 3

"Ohne! Welt! Miserere!" amidst Stravinsky. "Old-style, modern-music festivals are doomed." And with them, he implied, the chance of unmasking the bogus and the second-rate. *Music of Eight Decades* is not, however, an old-style modern-music festival, though the eight concerts scheduled up to May 1982 inevitably include a crop of projected premieres. Artistically, it is something in the nature of a retrospective, albeit a tentative one; administratively, it is a welcome attempt by William Glock and Robert Ponsbury to knock some sense into the London musical scene in the matter of twentieth-century music.

There could have been few better works with which to launch the series than Stravinsky's *Agon*. Stravinsky's espousal of serialism marked the second significant divide in his career (the first being the turning from the Russian tradition to neo-classicism). In *The Language of Modern Music* Donald Mitchell suggested that the long history of serialism (*Agon* was begun in 1954) and the death of Schoenberg in 1947 opened the serial method, so to speak, to negotiation. Here was another tradition which could be safely appropriated. In its fascinated encounter with a past which includes not only the courtly bristles of the age of Louis XIII but also the Schoenbergian experiment, and in its relocation of the past in a fertile present (*Agon* is one of Stravinsky's most freshly inventive scores), it joins a line of earlier Stravinsky works of which *Apollon*, that serene masterpiece, comes most readily to mind.

Agon means contest, a contest between periods and styles and qualities of gesture. Significantly, Balanchine, for whom the score was written, required "no plot". The music's courtly elegance nonetheless presupposes a rather more intimate setting than the Royal Festival Hall. The discourse of flutes, mandolin and harp, and the superbly wrought string sonorities seemed oddly distant and dyspeptic at times. There was rhythmic awkwardness, too, suggesting more hiccups than actually exist. "Muscle rots when it gets too far from the dance", Pound said. Stravinsky's never does, but Rozhdenskyevsky seemed occasionally to be drawing it away.

Until Janacek's gloriously resilient *Sinfonietta* (commissioned for a symphony festival: more *agon*) with which the concert resplendently ended there was a preponderance of

colour at the expense of rhythm. Both Scriabin's *Prometheus* and Schmitt's *In Memoriam* are, if not rotten, then perceptibly ripe. Yet for all the sub-Lawrentian mysticism of Scriabin's programme location, the giving of fire, will, reason, and Man versus the Cosmos used. What's more, the performance by the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the solo pianist, Victoria Postnikova, was at once sumptuous and keen-eyed, with a climax which put one in mind of Scriabin's ultimate megalomaniac fantasy: a work whose venue was to be the Himalayan foothills with Scriabin himself at the centre of an event which would include cloud-borne bells and the gathering of the faithful from the four corners of the earth.

The series boasts three UK premieres and two world premieres (including on May 11 a new work by Maxwell Davies). New works inevitably raise problems of assimilation for both listeners and players; though, that said, the orchestra's playing of the Schmitt was remarkable, a tribute to Rozhdenskyevsky's care and communicative power. Perhaps because the forty-seven-year-old Russian-born composer is a self-confessed "poly stylist", the problem of assimilation is less acute. In *Memoriam*, dedicated to the composer's mother, was originally written as a Piano Quintet before being transcribed, at Rozhdenskyevsky's suggestion, for full orchestra. It was first heard in orchestral form in Moscow in 1979. As in Scriabin, images abound: tolling chimes and sudden moments of stasis, richly scored. Throughout *In Memoriam* there's a good deal of sonic swarming, nightmarish extrusions which are resolved on organ and pastoral woodwinds in a kind of vaguely troubled *paradise*. It is an involving piece, but the glinting, recedent energy of the Janacek which followed pointed up a certain inertia in it, which even a wry Mahlerian waltz could not entirely ally.

The fiercely Slavonic performance of Janacek's 1926 *Sinfonietta* was indeed a highlight of the programme. The work's heady celebration of new-found Czech freedom survives in spite of the political reversals of subsequent years. Optimistic without being facile, it gives credibility to Tippett's assertion that "a culture never falls to pieces, it gives birth". After several decades of painful deliveries the Glock/Ponsbury series gives us a chance to sit back and contemplate a heritage which instinct tells us is far from spent.

The second concert in this series has just been held. The others are on January 15, March 3 and 22, April 21 and May 6 and 11.

The whip hand

The Englishwoman and her Horse
BBC TV

Candida Lycett Green's programme assembled an interesting collection of horse freaks: from the flower of the Heythrop to some very humble horse owners; indeed, the further down the scale you went the nicer they became; grand horse-owning is not entirely free of pomposity. A lovely Russian word for exhibitionism, supported by little or no substance.

You cannot expect a single programme to exhaust the rich subject of English ladies and horses, but there was one conspicuous omission, namely men. We witnessed plenty of that kind of loving cheerfulness that English women are, actually, quite capable of when there are no men around. The programme admittedly featured men in one role: as suppliers of endless streams of pound notes for their women to buy and maintain the affairs with. In this respect there was nothing to separate the bloody but unloved occupant of

a mobile home from the owner of a pretty house near Burford.

But in one way men are central to the Englishwoman and her horse, which serves as both an object of love and a medium for her revenge. Although we were not shown the fact, the whole horse business gives women a wonderful chance to shout at men. They start by bullying small boys, taking insane risks at pony club camp, and if they are lucky, graduate to standing in the middle of a grown-up riding school and maintaining a constant stream of bad tempered instruction. The nearest the programme got to this essential part of the horse life was a Lancashire police lady using her horse for crowd control and, telling young football hooligans, and other kinds of Euroboys to stop biting their nails.

What the programme did provide was wonderful portrait, glance at a certain kind of English motherhood, in which a lady separated a mare from her foal with all the briskness of a mother delivering her child to his first term at boarding school.

Family viewing

By Celina Fox

The Art of Radio Times
Victorian and Albert Museum

It would be hard to think of any medium less intrinsically conducive to artistic inspiration than the *Radio Times*. Published on cheap newsprint, it was in the early years inevitably confined to information about sound broadcasting. Yet in its obtrusive way the magazine contributed to the perpetuation of an art form which, as the competition from photographic half-tone grew, was becoming increasingly obsolete. *Radio Times* was the last refuge of black and white illustration, the final resting-place of a graphic tradition whose strength in this country is still underrated.

The *Art of Radio Times*, at the Victoria and Albert Museum until February 21, and a book of the same title compiled by David Driver (252pp, BBC Publications, £15.95, 0 563 17906 6), commemorate sixty years of publication. The exhibition starts with a small display of the modern stages involved in the process of reproduction, from a neatly typed official briefing document to the rough and finished artwork, and then the flog, stereo and printed page. But on the evidence of the artists who are interviewed in the book, the process has not always been so streamlined. Most received their briefs on Friday and were expected to produce the illustration by Monday, working under pressure over the weekend when the libraries which provided the main sources of background material were shut.

Nor were the results always fully appreciated. Eric Fraser was asked to remove a figure of Christ from an illustration, and when he illustrated articles by Maurice Lane Norcott by showing the side of a building with pieces of nude statuary set in the niches, "Back came the drawing with a request that I dress them in robes. I think of this whenever I see the Eric Gill sculptures on Broadcasting House". Leonard Rosoman's illustration for *Cakes and Ale* was not used at first because it showed Roald Dahl as a child, and "it was decided that it was a little forthright for what, after all, is a family magazine". The BBC certainly displayed a commendable zeal in commissioning quality work, but presumably the talents of Gill and Jones, Gooden and Backland-Wright were considered too daring to be unleashed from the confines of the private press.

The restrictions were, however, more than outweighed by the compensations, and copious expressions

of gratitude are extracted from the artists in the book. The exposure was enormous - at its peak in 1954, *Radio Times* sold nine million copies - and the payment surprisingly generous. Victor Reinganum considered that the pre-war fee of three guineas per illustration compared very favourably with present-day rates; he was able to support a wife and two children fairly comfortably on six guineas a week. There were few firms like Shell and London Transport prepared to employ avant-garde artists and *Radio Times* was the only popular magazine which patronized, in however limited a fashion, modern art.

Nevertheless, the character of *Radio Times* was not set by the masters of the modern movement like Nash, Nevinson and McKnight Kauff, who were occasionally employed for the covers, but by those artists who produced marvellous designs in the body of the paper, week after week. Both the book and the exhibition draw extensively on the work of Eric Fraser, who has contributed to the magazine since 1926 and whose brilliant facility for pattern-making was used to best advantage when he was called upon to portray contemporary phenomena and the slightly chilly image of twentieth-century man. Victor Reinganum moved on from drawing jaunty troops of art deco clowns girls to the Festival-of-Britain promised land anticipated in his cover design for "Radiolympia" of 1949. Bob Sherriffs could pinpoint

a radio personality with a few bold strokes.

But *Radio Times* also supported artists whose individual, immediately recognizable style was an extension of older traditions. The lyrical talent of Ardizzone is unmistakable in both bustling vignettes and jolly Christmas covers. Leonard Rosoman was adept at suggesting a delicate psychological interplay among the characters from radio drama, while Robin Jacques made superb distillations of the classics, extracting their essence. (Beneath the title of *Julius Caesar*, he placed a prone figure, shrouded - except for a hand and a sandal - with a rumpled toga.) Bert Thomas's figures were firmly of that English type, bred by Keene and perpetuated by Reynolds. W. H. Kermode owed an enormous debt to Félix Valloir, all these men could draw wonderfully, surely and economically to create the special aura of the programme for the listener.

The advent of television reduced the role played by illustration. Of the artists used by the magazine to date, Peter Brookes expresses some regret that he did not learn to draw as an end in itself when he studied at the Central School in the 1960s. His cover for the book is an exercise in nostalgia: a *Radio Times* "Humour Number" settled on a Parker Knoll chair beside the family hearth, insulated from the sophistication and vulgarity of the outside world, offering an escape from the bombardment of too much photographic reality.

Among this week's contributors

ANNE BOON's translation of Koren Blixen's *Letters From Africa* was published earlier this year.

C. R. BOXER's books include *The Dutch Seaborne Empire 1600-1800*, 1965, and *Anglo-Dutch Wars of the 17th Century*, 1974.

ALAN BROWNJOHN's most recent collection of poems, *A Night in the Gozebo*, was published earlier this year.

STEFAN COLLINI is the author of *Liberalism and Society*, 1979.

PETER CONRADO's books include *Romantic Opera and Literary Form*, 1977, and *Imagining America*, 1980.

KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND's collection of poems include *The Rain Giver*, 1973.

ALEX DA JONGE is the author of *Dostoevsky and the Age of Intensity*, 1975.

VICKI FEATHER's collection of poems *Close Relatives* was published earlier this year.

KATE FLINT is a lecturer in English at the University of Bristol.

ROY FOSTER's *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Political Life* was published earlier this year.

CELINA FOX is Curator of Pictures, Prints and Drawings at the Museum of London.

RICHARD GRANTER is film critic of *Contemporary*.

HUGH HAUGHTON is a lecturer in English at the University of York.

TONY HARRISON's new collection of poems, *Continuous* will be reviewed shortly in the TLS.

PETER HOLLAND's *The Ornament of Action: Text and Performance in Restoration Comedy* was published in 1979.

PETER KEMP's critical study *H. G. Wells and the Culminating Age* will be published next year.

J. P. KENYON is Professor of Modern History at the University of St Andrews. His books include *Revolutionary Principles*, 1977, and *Stuart England*, 1978.

J. MOROUNT CROOK's most recent book *William Burges and the High Victorian Dream* was published earlier this year.

JANET MORGAN is the editor of *Richard Crossman's Diaries of a Cabinet Minister 1970-77*, and *The Backbench Diaries of Richard Crossman*, 1981.

ANORAW MOTTON's long poem *Indepence* is published this week.

DAVID NOXES is a lecturer in English at King's College, London.

GARY O'CONNOR's most recent book *The Pursuit of Perfection: A Life of Moggie Teyte*, 1980. His biography of Ralph Richardson will be published next year.

RICHARD OSBORNE is a contributor to *The Dictionary of Composers*, 1977, and *Opera on Record*, 1979.

ANTHONY QUINTON is President of Trinity College, Oxford. His books include *The Politics of Imperfection*, 1978, and *Francis Bacon*, 1980.

NORMAN SHRAPNALL's *A View of the Thames* was published in 1977.

FRANCES SPALDING's biography of Roger Fry was published last year.

RANDOLPH STOW's novels include *Visions*, 1980.

THOMAS SUTCLIFFE is a producer for BBC Radio.

CHRISTOPHER THORNE is Professor of International Relations at the University of Sussex. His books include *The United States, Britain and the War Against Japan 1941-1945*, 1978.

E. S. TURNER's most recent book is *Dear Old Blighy*, 1980.

STANLEY WALLS is General Editor of the Oxford Shakespeare.

ROBERT WISTRICH is currently a Fellow of the Institute of Advanced Studies, Jerusalem. His *Who's Who in Nazi Germany* will be published in the spring.

'Covering Islam'

Sir, - One may understand Edward W. Said's wounded feelings (Letters, November 27). A man charged with responsibility for guiding the studies of others must be uncomfortable when his methods are shown to be unscholarly. And that demonstration is unaffected by the bluster, the abuse, and the misrepresentations with which he endeavours to confuse the issue in his letter.

As Professor Said recognizes, despite his references to trivialization, the heart of the matter is the two examples which I gave in my review of *Covering Islam* (October 9) of his unscholarly methods. The first example concerned an article by Professor Edmund Bosworth. In my review I stated that Said saw the article in the *Los Angeles Times* of December 12, 1979, and that it was first published in *Newsday* on December 2, 1979. Although he never states that there are two articles Said is very likely to have left your readers with the impression that such is the case and that he has based his comments on one of them and that I based my criticism on the other. As it happened before I wrote the review I ascertained from Bosworth that he had written one article only. Unless Said intends to claim that the editor of the *Los Angeles Times* is responsible for the publication of another article under Bosworth's name without the knowledge of the alleged author, we are talking about the same article. I have manufactured no evidence and falsified nothing; nor indeed, as Said well knows, was there ever any question that I had done so. Said's bolting-hole is firmly closed against him.

The most significant feature of Said's comment on the Bosworth episode in his letter is that, although he gives twice as many words to it as I did in my review and three times as many as he did in *Covering Islam*, he never attempts to justify his original statement which he quoted and of which I complained that it constituted misrepresentation of Bosworth's article. Readers will reasonably draw the conclusion that his silence indicates that he has no answer to my complaint.

The second example of Said's defective methods which I gave in my review concerned an editorial by Ernest Conine in the *Los Angeles Times* of December 10, 1979. Said does not attempt to deny that what Conine wrote was quite different from what Said claimed Conine meant but argues that his version is a legitimate interpretation of Conine's editorial. Since no other evidence of Conine's views is cited, Said's contention rests primarily upon what may be called the internal logic of the article. Said writes in his letter "If Islam is underdeveloped and if the Revolution was a widespread revolt against the unsettling influences of Westernization, then it must be that in their Islamic hearts Iranians were more offended by specifically anti-Islamic acts like depriving 'holy men' of their subsidies than commonplaces, not specifically Islamic, offences like torture." Leaving aside the odd view of Islamic values which is enshrined in the latter part of the statement, the logic is clearly faulty; the conclusion does not follow from the propositions. Said hints at a second line of evidence about Conine's meaning, namely "the prevailing context in the United States". But this context can be no more than the sum of what Conine and others have written - in other words the argument is circular. Also it cannot bear upon the specific point in dispute.

Said's defence of "interpretation" is therefore, logically unsound. It is, of course, also another red herring. If Conine had wished to say that Iranians were less troubled by torture than by insults to their "holy men" there is no reason at all why he should not have done so. That he did not say it is a good reason for thinking that he did not intend to do so: if one wishes to deny this

straightforward interpretation one must have very much better reasons than Said has. His so-called interpretation is pure misrepresentation.
M. E. YAPP.
7 Woodstock Road North, St Albans, Hertfordshire.

'The Shogun Inheritance'

Sir, - I am very grateful for the generous review Louis Allen gave to *The Shogun Inheritance* by Michael Macintyre in your issue of October 30.

Would you permit me, however, to make one important point so as to avoid any misunderstanding? Although this book is directly related to a BBC Television series of the same name, in fact the author of the book, Michael Macintyre, took all the photographs specifically for the book - not one of them is a still from the television series and I regret that Dr Allen was under this impression.

ROBIN BAIRD-SMITH.
Collins Publishers, 14 St James's Place, London SW1A 1PS.

Goethe Anniversary

Sir, - It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that in commemoration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the death of Goethe, the English Goethe Society is in 1982 offering a prize of £100 for the best translation into English verse of three of his poems; the judges will be D. J. Enright, Michael Hamburger, and B. A. Rowley. Those who wish to receive full details and rules of the competition should send a stamped addressed envelope to me as Honorary Secretary of the Society.

F. M. FOWLER.
Department of German, Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London E1.

Children and Reading

Sir, - Gareth B. Matthews's interesting and suggestive article in your *Children's Books* supplement "Learning to dwell in possibility" (November 20) calls for some comment.

He is somewhat critical of Jean Piaget, but what Piaget was concerned with in his early work was to show that the child's world is an optimistic and magical world - a world that even the adult writer of children's stories and poems is not always able to penetrate. I get the impression that Matthews believes the child's world is more like that of the adult. This comes out in his use of the philosophical notion of a propositional attitude to explain the child's approach to imaginative literature; and in his belief that learning how to move about attitudes to propositions, is learning how to dwell in possibility.

The whole concept of a propositional attitude is an abstract reflective one. Bertrand Russell who introduced this notion defined it as "believing, desiring, doubting, etc., that so-and-so is the case" (*An Inquiry Into Meaning and Truth*, 1940, p. 21). But the young child's approach to imaginative literature is often highly unreflective. In the more magical world of the child, there may be nothing incongruous in the statement "the cow jumped over the moon". In any case he may be unable to draw a sharp distinction between the fictitious and the real.

As Matthews fully realizes, the child's appreciation of a story does not merely depend upon his taking up the correct propositional attitudes, but also in assigning appropriate meanings to it. And these will

vary in accordance with the child's past experiences. Lewis Carroll in *Alice in Wonderland* gave his words a meaning which the child is unable to give, being unacquainted with relativity theory and the logical paradoxes. Similarly a child reading *Gulliver's Travels* will not usually take it for what it is, a savage satire on the social and political conditions of Swift's day.

Dwelling reflectively on his attitudes towards persons, places and things will not necessarily enable a child to appreciate better a story or a poem. This will largely depend on the framework of interpretation, often unconscious, which he brings to his reading.

WOLFE MAYES.
Institute of Advanced Studies,
Manchester Polytechnic, All Saints,
Manchester M15 6BH.

'The Monstrous Races'

Sir, - T. A. Shippey's notice of John Block Friedman's *The Monstrous Races in Medieval Art and Thought* (November 13) invites the thought that the descriptions and depictions of strange creatures of the western tradition may bear comparison with some of those that have emerged outside Europe.

In the *Shan-hai ching* (Classic of the Mountains and the Lakes), whose parts date from the fourth century BCE to the fourth century of the present era, we possess a descriptive text of holy mountains and aies and the strange creatures and divine spirits that may be encountered there. It has been suggested that the text originated as a set of captions to paintings of the sites and their features. Whether or not this theory may be accepted, editions of the work have included illustrations from at least the seventeenth century. These are based on the text itself and have been reproduced by Chinese printing houses at frequent intervals, most recently in 1980. They include a creature that may be compared with the *Blennyae* that you show, and there are other examples, such as pygmies, which Pliny might have recognized. Some of these illustrations have been reproduced in John A. Goodall, *Heaven and Earth: 1200 years leaves from a Ming Encyclopedia* (London: Lund Humphries, 1979). By contrast with the treatment of these strange creatures in the medieval tradition of Europe, questions of a theological nature did not arise from this aspect of Chinese mythology.

MICHAEL LOEWE.
University of Cambridge, Faculty of Oriental Studies, Sidgwick Avenue, Cambridge.

The Ethics of Abortion

Sir, - If Martin W. Helgesen is as well read in the literature on the abortion issue as he claims to be (Letters, November 20), it is surprising that he has not learnt more from it. He still appears to believe that the central question in this issue is whether fetuses are human. The inadequacies of this construction of the problem had been exposed by others sufficiently often that I felt it necessary only to rehearse them briefly in *Abortion and Moral Theory*.

In the only morally neutral sense of "humane" an individual is humane just in case it is a member of *homo sapiens*. Though it is still a nice question

whether or not a fetus is a *homo sapiens*, it is not a question which Helgesen would have saved himself from this mistake, as well as from the others he committed, if he had bothered to read my book before attacking its contentions by criticizing Peter Singer's review of it.

L. W. SUMNER.
4 Southmoor Road, Oxford.

This strange creature forms one of the illustrations to an edition of the Chinese classic, the *Shan-hai ching*, referred to in Michael Loewe's letter on this page.

one, but Helgesen would have saved himself from this mistake, as well as from the others he committed, if he had bothered to read my book before attacking its contentions by criticizing Peter Singer's review of it.

L. W. SUMNER.
4 Southmoor Road, Oxford.

'The Terror Network'

Sir, - According to Jillian Becker's review of October 23, Claire Sterling's book *The Terror Network* asserts that my father was a "fascist-turned-communist". This is ridiculous as well as offensive. In 1940 he was a boy of fourteen, and as soon as he was old enough he joined up as a soldier in the Italian army under the Allied Forces. That was in 1944. So much for the "ample evidence" with which the author supports her case.

CARLO FITZGERALD FELTRINELLI.
Via Andegari 6, I-20121 Milan.

A George Eliot Manuscript

Sir, - My publication under the title "A New George Eliot Manuscript" in *George Eliot: Centenary Essays and an Unpublished Fragment*, edited by A. Smith (London: Vision Press, 1980), pp. 9-20, has drawn the MS to the attention of Mr P. J. Croft, Fellow and Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, who has pointed out that comparison with autograph letters by John Walter Cross in the British Library (Add MSS 54338 and 58436) shows that the first page is la Cross's hand.

The fifteen lines on p 9 of the MS are in a hand which remains to be identified.

The following mis-readings in the printed text of this paragraph need correcting:

"he was brash enough to raise the oaken panelling of his pew" should read: "he was weak enough to raise the oaken panelling of his pew";

and "he had not 'five inch' from his own deed" should read: "he had not 'gone back' from his own deed".

WILLIAM BAKER.
Pitzer College, Claremont, California 91711.

one, but Helgesen would have saved himself from this mistake, as well as from the others he committed, if he had bothered to read my book before attacking its contentions by criticizing Peter Singer's review of it.

Cock-and-bull storytelling in hell

By Valentine Cunningham

GILBERT SORRENTINO

Crystal Vision
289pp. Berkeley, California: \$14.50,
£8.50. ISBN 0 86547 141 3

Gilbert Sorrentino, best known in this country for his *Mulligan Stew* (1979), is one of the great literary confectioners of our time. His fiction has a colossal, engulfing appetite for the bits, the bits, the fragments, the gobs of other men's books, other people's styles. Sorrentino gulps them down, gobbles them up, stores them about in exuberantly rich stews. He likes to think of storytelling as the production of edibility. His *Mulligan Stew* turns into what he calls an "Arab Stew", a "Farrago". Farrago: "a. l. farrago misedi fudeli for cattle, hence fig. a medley, confused mixture. l. farr. far spelt, corn". So spelling equals far-fetched equals the preparation of edible intemperances? No wonder the Brooklynites who peeped Sorrentino's *Crystal Vision* hang around the local streetshop for neighbourhood fairy stories, bawling its sordidly caustic, stuffing themselves with lemon pie and Milky Way, with Pepsi and vanilla nutmeg. The way actual Big Duck feels his pimples on clove hars is one of the novel's liveliest motifs. So are the appearances of the luit-nut, whose merchandise puts life even into old metaphors. If these people go bananas they'll do it mouths chockablock with actual bananas. Or, for that matter, do it tanked up on cocktails, those compound drinks, sweet and sticky, apt to the vicinity of a sweet-shop and liquid variants on the drier husks of which farragoes are composed. *Crystal Vision* opens with the novel's Magician naming a cocktail ("I will call this drink the Flowers of Summer").

What "Flowers of Summer" is made of, and how it is made, are instantly disputed. "One-half ounce

premline, one-and-a-half ounces milk, one-and-a-half ounces London dry gin, dash of bitters. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with a fresh strawberry," declares the Magician. "But it's made out of gin and cherry syrup," ripostes Richie. "And white creme de menthe. And it's over ice. And in an Old-Fashioned glass!" Disagreement is normal hereabouts. Sorrentino's people are a contentious lot. There's no arguing, though, about the ingredients of Sorrentino's own punchy brew.

Mulligan Stew was dedicated "to the memory of Brian O'Nolan - his virtue hilarious". And *Crystal Vision* keeps up the tribute to the Anglo-Irish word-mongering giants, Joyce and Beckett and Flann O'Brien, by dallying and continually alluding to their work. We're invited to imagine Little Mickey as he runs away from home, now his mum has taken up with Santa Tuccio the life-long cinema poster, "in a coat from the Salvation Army that must have been made in the Finn MacCool". Finn MacCool comes from the same sort of *At Swim-Two-Birds* ambience - and Finn doubtless has much to do with all those Scandinavian Sorrentino text goes in. The early-stre clientele are only a capper version of a Flann O'Brien chorus or the group Joyce assembled on "My Day in the Committee Room". The Arab comes from Alamy via Joyce. Curtin, the thinker whose every opinion is imbued with St Anselm and what he's gleaned from education at St Anselm's and from perusing *The Baltimore Catechism*, clearly hasn't been slugged with Aquinas and a Porrait either. Nor love his clumps Doc Friday and Richie, who applaud their touching up of Little Mickey's escapades with cries of "Wholeness! Harmony!". "And a touch of radiance". "James who?", asks Irish Billy, grudging towards Doc Friday's defence of a piece of the Arab's high-falutin' narrative ("Repairs").

It was good enough for James Billy. But no one believes Irish Billy doesn't know: least of all Lizzie Mulvaney, whose laughter comes among the cases of empty Coke bottles. Irish Billy's very existence depends on what was good enough for James Joyce.

The most obvious inherited sign of Irishness among these Brooklyn-Irish is their palaver, their continual talk, their inability to stop telling stories. Stories pack *Crystal Vision*: each of its chapters encloses a narrative, a fiction, a dream, obsession or fantasy. "I'll make it up," Pepper declares, and so do all the others.

"Let's just say," "Let's assume", "It's a story". The Magician is a suspicious linker, but he also presides, high on his throne of state the tales it about with him as a prop, over the magic business of storytelling. Stories - whether fair story (Billy), or lerry story (Johnny News), or lerry story (Johnny News), they're all fairy stories - they can magic almost anything into existence. By dint of story-telling Little Mickey can be in San Francisco or Pittsburgh. Thelma Kruliewicz can turn into Tania Cosse, she can be kept woman of pricey fashion editor, just as narrators change. George Huckle's tales that cluster about him, dressed up as a cap, including his home-made night-stick, under-sized, alcoholic, idiotic Jimmy Finney enjoys a certain cap-hood. And poppish sides flower, and a carousel ride is true bliss, and Big Duck does Dolores amidst the purplest of prose and exploding fireworks out of Ulysses' loquacious of the Magician: "Goddamn silliest thing I ever did", complains his agent Pepper, lighting the blue touch paper and standing well clear of Duck's (organs). "Daydreaming Plus" is Sorrentino's label for this piece of fiction built out of precedent fictions.

At about this point, though, Sorrentino ceases to be the altogether hilarious figure of his blurb-writers' own stories. For delightful and necessary as story-telling is shown to be - it helps you, according to Doc Friday, not just to remember but to improve the past; like the movies it provides agreeable glosses on experience - it is also a messy art, whose supple dexterities can easily turn into irksome unrelaxabilities, and whose glossings are frequently akin to mere

glossings, or lies. In fact Sorrentino's non-stop story-tellers are usually only feeble stop-gaps against the disillusions that will in the end infiltrate even the Joycean splendours of Arab. Our narrators' dreams keep proving false, or deliberately arranged to deceive their interpreters. The Luscious women that haunt those dreams have a sad way of degenerating swiftly into the likes of Bony Ruth and Cookie Luzzie Mulvaney. Cookie Luzzie herself, egged on by the Magician to believe he can magic these ladies to him. He's deluded, naturally, all the unhookers agree: a "gap", a "sucker", a "narcotic fish", "our loco ami- go, the hopeless Huckle".

And thus the novel rounds on itself, sparking with derision for what it does best, for its own endless skill in the making up and ebbaling together of stories. The Magician, spurred throughout as the neighbourhood dandy ("do we need him?") ends up demonstrating the untrustworthiness of his own playfulness. And so the Magician's narrative world declares itself to be, in fact, a limbo, an inescapable First Circle (the novel takes an epigraph from the fourth Cakes of Dante's *Inferno*), in which stories will go on endlessly, unresolved, resolving nothing in a compulsive Thousand-and-One dark nights of the urbanized soul, an unremitting effort of the will, a "Magic Rainbow" with only a ginseng sodden illusion at the end of it. Nobody seems to know for certain what metaphor, simile, synecdoche or analogical actually means. "Tropism" pops up in a context of cultivated hedge-work: "aviary?" "tropism?" "tropiary?" Do they seek an objective correlative, or is it an "object of correlation" they're after? And as for phallic symbols, swords, fire-works, fence-posts: they elash about clumsily, and with leering invitations to the unweary, all over the place.

Bad listeners, awful readers and half-educated critics certainly all are. But we're led to believe that their discontents over fiction-mongering really mean something. They make life hellish for their story-telling friends, but then they do keep glimpsing and revealing how Brooklyn, and by extension America, verge on the hellish. Old Mrs Elkstrom, evicted, dies in the oppressive heat of August. Willie Wepner, famous for a childhood fall "on a picket fence outside his house" where he "got one up the gool", is "dying of love" for Berta and fabel who prefer drooling over film-star pictures. Beckettishly, the Magician lists the vest reckoning of ills, the cancers, corns, scorpions, cirrhosis, occlusions, bleedings, and sundry self-inflicted damages (but the cast will eventually die of The Arab glooms about the "human fiasco", the "mammoth fardal of misery", none of which the stories and dreams are managing entirely to sweeten.

All the novel's sweets, so much kiddy-food, are greeted with cries of "crap and garbage" - especially when Richie lists just what vitamin-free junk turns Big Duck on. But these narrating sweet-guzzlers need their sugary fixes, their candies, cocktails and candy-store dreams, to help ward off the bitter-sweet and the just plain bitters of New York (Gene Phillips of the opening page in the even worse for "the famed Angustura-Wupperman Corp").

As if to compensate for the fact that its subject is out of this world, *The Insider*'s style is very down to earth. It opts for grey précis rather than more vivid presentation: "Paul had several amusing anecdotes to tell, and the atmosphere quickly lightened...". Paul continued in a from his apparently limitless fund of stories a series of amusing and cautionary tales. Similarly, the novel's characterization can seem so devoid of getting inside his character as his protagonist is. Still, his book, with its cunning variants on the vampire formula, is tautly plotted; its narrative pace is fast, and there's plenty of suspense in these surprising pages.

The politics of rescue

By Robert Wistrich

MARTIN GILBERT

Auschwitz and the Allies

350pp. Michael Joseph/Rainbird. £12. ISBN 0 271 2017 5

One of the most tragic dilemmas of the Jewish catastrophe in the Second World War revealed by recent literature on the subject is the terrible imbalance between the destructive and constructive forces that were at work. On the one side there was the absolute Nazi commitment to "liquidating" European Jewry which began to be implemented in the summer of 1941; on the other side there was no commitment to saving them even when the realities of the "Final Solution" had been accepted in London and Washington and the Allied Declaration of December 17, 1942, denounced "this bestial policy of cold-blooded extermination". For Hitler the "war against the Jews" was central to his policy and entire strategy, for his was a demonic struggle against the manipulators who stood behind the Anglo-American-Bolshevik alliance and the real victory lay in the destruction of the "Jewish world-enemy". The refusal of the Allies to come to terms with him, the waging of total war against Nazi Germany was interpreted by Hitler as a further proof of "Jewish domination", thereby adding another nail in the coffin of the hapless Jews under German rule.

For the Allies, on the other hand, the "Jewish question" always figured low on their scale of priorities and played no part in their military-political strategy. Publicity about the mass-murder of Jews seemed undesirable in 1942-43 and appeals to help the victims were generally dismissed as harmful to the war effort. Pragmatic Allied logic geared to stopping the German war-machine in its bid for global domination was poles apart from the paranoiac universe of Nazi totalitarianism in which "the Jew" was the master-key to international politics. Besides, there were political reasons for the Allied inclination to play down the Holocaust, reasons which have been examined in important earlier works by Henry Feingold, Bernard Wasserstein, Walter Laqueur and others. British and American officials heeded that the news of the German mass-murders was likely to exacerbate antisemitism in the West, that it would undermine domestic national cohesion as well as resistance to the Nazis in occupied Europe, that it might not be believed and, even if it were, it would engender pressures for rescue efforts which might be politically embarrassing.

For the British there was also the stumbling-block of the Palestine White Paper policy of 1939 - limiting Jewish immigration to the "Jewish National Home" to an upper limit of 75,000 over the next five years - while the Americans no less rigidly maintained their shameful quota restrictions. At the farcical Bermuda Conference of April 1943 (aptly described by Chaim Weizmann's secretary as a "nice Riviera holiday for a bunch of officials engaged in exploring avenues and turning stones - and meanwhile people perish") the British and Americans agreed not to discuss Palestine or quotas but instead repented the familiar platitudes about winning the war first. This was a kind of sense in terms of Allied objectives, but the destruction of German military power, but for the despairing Jews of the Warsaw ghetto, whose rising coincided with the Conference, it was no answer at all. By the time the Western Allies opened their second front in June 1944, the mass of Polish and European Jewry had already been exterminated and there were comparatively few Jews who could still be saved.

Gilbert is at his best in dealing with the Auschwitz issue and in his demolition of the Joel Brand mission as a Nazi deception, designed to split the Allies while the Germans continued to implement the "Final Solution" (both of these cases have been dealt with by others but with less documentary evidence). In tackling the wider issue of how the Allies responded in general to the Holocaust, the book is however much less satisfactory, eschewing any deeper analysis of why the politics of rescue was so abysmally inadequate to the dimensions of the task. Gilbert sees the issue as essentially a failure of imagination, of response, of intelligence, of piecing together and

evaluating what was known, of co-ordination, of initiative, and even at times of sympathy. This conclusion, while obviously true as far it goes, seems to be too abstract, too understated, and to gloss unduly over the political factors, the depth of prejudice involved and the social backwardness of the period. Indeed Martin Gilbert's own documentation suggests that the negative Allied reaction to Jewish appeals for help was a good deal more premeditated and politically motivated than his conclusion indicates. Even if we accept that most European Jews were murdered before the facts about Auschwitz were known, the truth about the other death camps was available to London and Washington by the end of 1942 and widely publicized by the Press - less self-conscious in this regard than the bureaucrats. Yet the Allies showed little interest, although they scarcely lacked authentic, reliable information, whether through diplomatic channels, the Polish Government-in-Exile, the Jewish Agency or even highly placed secret, German sources. Gilbert stresses that there was no military action which the Allies could have taken before 1944, which is obviously true but, later, when such operations were feasible, they were still rejected.

The problem clearly went much deeper than "lack of comprehension or imagination" of the "unbelievable" or the failure to co-ordinate relief activities properly with international organizations, with the Red Cross, the Vatican, the neutrals, Allied governments etc. Saving Jews on a large scale would probably have involved some combination of measures like negotiating with the Nazis, abandoning the policy of unconditional surrender, relaxing restrictive immigration laws, changing British Palestine policy and the American quota system, overcoming anti-refugee and antisemitic sentiments in the West and mobilizing public opinion against bureaucratic inertia and indifference. It would have entailed rapid dissemination of the information about Nazi exterminations, more active Jewish lobbying, much greater Allied pressure on the client countries and the threat of reprisals against German nationals and POWs in Allied hands. All these options were considered at various times; some were feasible and others impracticable, and in the end it is possible that they would have made little difference, given Nazi determination to carry through the "Final Solution".

Gilbert's account shows however that some possible avenues of escape were blocked by the Allies because, among other reasons, they feared a flood of refugees reaching the West and aggravating antisemitism. In the words of Herbert Morrison, the Labour Home Secretary (and supposedly a "friend of the Jews"), to accommodate more than 2,000 Jewish refugees in Britain would "stir up an unpleasant degree of anti-Semitism...". It would be interesting to know how far the bureaucracy as a whole was influenced by such considerations as the groundswell from below of anti-refugee agitation in the aftermath of the Depression, by war psychosis and by "Fifth Column" obsession which saw in every Jew fleeing from Hitler an "enemy alien" or potential Nazi agent. The official documents are suggestive but require a more comprehensive sociology of Britain and the Allies at war which would place the Jewish issue in a broader perspective.

On the Palestine question, the policy of the British Government was much more clear-cut in the negative sense and has already been well analysed by Bernard Wasserstein. Gilbert's narrative reinforces the dismal picture of Britain sealing the gates of Palestine to Jews in their hour of greatest need and hunting down threatened Holocaust victims as "illegal immigrants" to the only country in the world recognized by the League of Nations as "Jewish homeland". The rigid anti-Zionism in the Foreign Office "concerned with the difficulties of disposing of any considerable number of Jews should they be rescued from enemy-occupied territory" (December 15,



"Death on a Roadside" (1944). Leaf Five of a series of eight lithographs entitled "Death" produced in 1934-5 by Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945); reproduced from Käthe Kollwitz: Graphics, Posters, Drawings, edited by Rüdiger Hinz, translated from the German by Rüdiger Hinz and Robert Kimbrell, and with a foreword to the English-language edition by Lucy R. Lippard (150pp. Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative, 144 Camden High Street, London NW1. Paperback £7.95, 0 906495 81 4. Published also in hard covers). Confrontation with death appears in many variations in Kollwitz's art (notably in 1910 in the drawing "Death and Woman" where in medieval manner the skeleton Death wrestles with a young woman); Käthe lost a son and a grandson, both named Peter, in the two wars. A major exhibition of the work in various media of this German artist, socialist, propagandist and, after the First World War, pacifist, is at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art from December 5 to January 24 and will be seen also at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, from February 13 to March 14, 1982.

1943) played its own lamentable part in closing the murderous trap that the Nazis had laid for European Jewry. Even so powerful a prime minister (and an ardent Zionist) as Winston Churchill could do little against the combined machinations of the Foreign Office, the Colonial and War Offices, the Mandatory Government in Palestine and the Army Chiefs of Staff. Moreover, Churchill's own Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, was, as his private secretary noted (April 25, 1943), quite "immovable" on the question of Palestine. "He loves Arabs and hates Jews."

Gilbert does not confront head-on the question of antisemitism among upper and middle echelon career officers in the Foreign Office or State Department. The book deals mainly with British official attitudes (the title is misleading since there is only patchy material on the United States Government and virtually nothing on the Soviet Union) and some of the quotations certainly suggest a genteel antisemitism underlying the widespread insensitivity to the Holocaust. Responses like that of the Colonial Office official on December 7, 1942: "Familiar stuff. The Jews have spoilt their case by laying it out too thick for years past..."; or the Foreign Office man (September 7, 1944) complaining of time of the Office is wasted on dealing with these wailing Jews", reveal more than lack of imagination or bureaucratic indifference.

It is a pity that Gilbert does not probe these responses more deeply and place them in their social and political context. This failing in the book is linked to another omission - the lack of any analysis of the phenomenon of Jewish powerlessness during the War. As long as the Jews were dismissed as a negligible political factor whose support could be counted on in the war against Hitler, their protests about Allied inaction in rescuing refugees were regarded as irrelevant and unwelcome. Significantly, it should be added, almost alone among Resistance movements in occupied Europe the Jews received no Allied aid in the form of outside advisers, weapons, propaganda assistance, food or medical relief. Their fighting potential was either disregarded or else viewed as a liability rather than an asset (Churchill was again a rare exception to this prejudice); and for fear of strengthening the Zionists, the Jews were denied the right to fight alongside the Allied armies until very late in the war. Like their brethren in America and Britain, the Zionists were themselves too dependent on Allied goodwill openly to challenge the official policy on rescue. The Jews still had no independent State, no government, no organized military force, no flag and no consuls to speak for them. They were not even regarded as an Allied nation, though they had been singled out for immediate collective destruction by the Nazis. Far removed from the Nazi image of a well-coordinated international conspiracy, Jewry was not only defenceless in German-occupied Europe, it did not even have the political influence to modify the ground rules of immigration policy in Britain, the United States and Palestine in a more liberal direction. This powerlessness, intensified by warning factions within Jewry, by lack of financial means, by demoralization in an intensely antisemitic atmosphere, helps to explain why Jews were unable to change Allied policy both before and after the truth about Auschwitz was known. The value of Martin Gilbert's important book, a skilful synthesis of earlier studies which also contains new material from various archives, would have been enhanced had he extended his frame of reference beyond the diplomatic documents to encompass some of these broader issues raised by the "Final Solution". Nevertheless, within its own self-imposed limits, this is a fair and scrupulous narrative of a chilling subject.

A change in the premises

By Peter Kemp

CHRISTOPHER EVANS

The Insider

215pp. Faber, £6.95,
£5.71. ISBN 0 571 11774 0

The Insider owes a lot to *The Outsider*. Like Meursault in Camus's novel, the protagonist of Christopher Evans's book has a "sense of otherness... from the rest of the human race". He needs "to pretend to be a normal human being", has "resolved to detach himself as much as possible from human contact", and finds social life largely a matter of "hilarious manifestations". Like Meursault, he seems happiest when quietly sunbathing in the sunshine.

There is, however, a crucial difference. Whereas Meursault is emo-

tionally displaced, Evans's central figure has been more spectacularly disorientated. If, as it appears, an extra-terrestrial being, only able to survive - after his craft has crashed to earth - by occupying human bodies which he leaves when they are on the point of death.

A sort of ectoplasmic tape-worm, he spends much of his time sunbathing gleefully on the crazy viciousness of the species which surrounds him. After his first bout of bely-sundrunching - "flurrying" the madness that was now known as the Second World War - he has steered his involuntary host into the reclusive life of a solitary writer. But, with the onset of a cardiac arrest, he realizes these delectably detached living-quarters are condemned, and hurriedly transfers himself into another human being.

The move proves unsettling. Marsh, the alien's new pied-à-terre, is a gregarious family man. Because of this, the extra-terrestrial becomes more involved with life. Although "The essential core of his being existed discrete from the physical organism which it inhabited", he finds that his new habitat is altering his view of things.

Disturbingly, he is made aware of it marked change in his premises. Instead of glorying in his remoteness from humanity, he starts to deplore it. Marsh's personality, fighting to re-assert itself, treats the invader and his assumptions as a psychotic state to be overcome. And eventually, a reformed character seized with guilt about the way he has lived off people, the extra-terrestrial makes amends. He decides, when Marsh is killed, to go down with the ship instead of leaping for another human berth.

The fracas in which the alien ex-

pires arises from another of the book's preoccupations: the ugly deterioration of British society in the near future. Evans's vision of what is to come shows ever more horrendous unemployment, decayed and dangerous cities.

But his main stress falls on a sharp increase in racial harassment and a corresponding rise in fascist politics. You'd expect an extreme instance of the alien, like the hero of this novel, to be keenly aware of the plight of the immigrant, besides being peculiarly sensitive to charges of parasitism. But in any case, as Marsh's wife is an Indian, he finds himself directly embroiled with brutal bigots. Abandoning the isolationist disgust with which he has earlier viewed human viciousness, he tries to combat it. Physically, he is defeated. But morally, the book suggests, he is a victor: fully naturalized at last, he has given "the ultimate acknowledgment of his humanity by his acceptance of his own mortality".

As if to compensate for the fact that its subject is out of this world, *The Insider*'s style is very down to earth. It opts for grey précis rather than more vivid presentation: "Paul had several amusing anecdotes to tell, and the atmosphere quickly lightened...". Paul continued in a from his apparently limitless fund of stories a series of amusing and cautionary tales. Similarly, the novel's characterization can seem so devoid of getting inside his character as his protagonist is. Still, his book, with its cunning variants on the vampire formula, is tautly plotted; its narrative pace is fast, and there's plenty of suspense in these surprising pages.

William Godwin as Novelist by B. J. Tysdahl (205pp. The Athlone Press. £15; paperback, £5.95, 0 485 11223 X) is the first full-length study of Godwin's novels. An anarchist and philosopher, the author of *Political Justice*, husband of Mary Wollstonecraft and father-in-law to Shelley, Godwin is now achieving recognition as a key figure in the English Romantic period. B. J. Tysdahl, who is Reader in English at the University of Oslo, relates Godwin's discursive writings to his fiction and shows that, although the novels "throw valuable light on the philosophical writings, they also stand as an achievement in their own right". After his introduction and a chapter on "Early Writings", Tysdahl goes on to discuss "Caleb Williams: A Question of Genres"; "St. Leon: Recollections of Goethe"; "Fanny Hill: Sentimental Gothic"; "The Hunchback of Rome: A Story in a New Key"; "The Cenci: A Tragedy in Five Acts"; "The Confessions of Charles Darnley and Deloraine". The conclusion there is a chapter on Godwin's first novel, *Duncan and Delia*, and a full bibliography.

William Godwin as Novelist by B. J. Tysdahl (205pp. The Athlone Press. £15; paperback, £5.95, 0 485 11223 X) is the first full-length study of Godwin's novels. An anarchist and philosopher, the author of *Political Justice*, husband of Mary Wollstonecraft and father-in-law to Shelley, Godwin is now achieving recognition as a key figure in the English Romantic period. B. J. Tysdahl, who is Reader in English at the University of Oslo, relates Godwin's discursive writings to his fiction and shows that, although the novels "throw valuable light on the philosophical writings, they also stand as an achievement in their own right". After his introduction and a chapter on "Early Writings", Tysdahl goes on to discuss "Caleb Williams: A Question of Genres"; "St. Leon: Recollections of Goethe"; "Fanny Hill: Sentimental Gothic"; "The Hunchback of Rome: A Story in a New Key"; "The Cenci: A Tragedy in Five Acts"; "The Confessions of Charles Darnley and Deloraine". The conclusion there is a chapter on Godwin's first novel, *Duncan and Delia*, and a full bibliography.

FINE QUALITY BOOKCASES

A PROFESSIONAL BOOKCASE

For a complete list of our bookcases, please apply to University College and Bookcase, Ltd., 10, The Quadrant, London W1. Tel: 01-253 4111. We also supply a full range of bookbinding materials and a full range of bookbinding services.

OAK or MAHOGANY finish

For details write to...

B. SHEROTA LTD.

10, The Quadrant, London W1. Tel: 01-253 4111.

Bad us, good them

By Richard Grenier

GILBERT ADAIR:
Hollywood's Vietnam
From *The Green Berets* to *Apocalypse Now*
1981p. Proteus. £7.95.
0 90407186 0

The Vietnam war has not been considered a fit subject for entertainment in the cinema. If it had not been for the dogged, Stars-and-Stripes patriotism of John Wayne (whose *The Green Berets* was a commercial success even after the Tet offensive of 1968), and for two films made many years after the fall of Saigon (Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter* and Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*), Gilbert Adair would not have had a book at all. Discussions of these three films, plus an introductory chapter on "The War Story Tradition", constitute four of his book's six chapters. In the event of *Hollywood's Vietnam* is not much of a book. There are 148 pages devoted to pictures, and there is a twenty-two-page bibliography (in large type) of seventy-five films, most of them disastrous commercial failures, or critical failures, or both, and usually having only the most tenuous connection with the war. This we are left with three expansive, incoherent, opinionated film reviews organized around slogans from Grant Park in Chicago in 1968.

Gilbert Adair says modestly in his introduction that his work "has, of course, no pretensions to being a book on the Vietnam war. But if it is not about the Vietnam war what is it about? It proceeds from a set of comfortable and pious certitudes about the war, such as that the United States was committing an "unprecedented obscenity", whereas the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese were virtual saints. Criticism of the communist forces (as in *The Deer*

Hunter) either embodies "Occidental fears of the yellow race", or constitutes "an insult not only to the heroic struggles of the Vietnamese people but to the audience's intelligence".

Although Adair complacently awards gold stars and black marks to films according to degree of rigour with which they condemn American intervention, no film in fact matches up to the required degree of ferocity. *The Deer Hunter* (a film I do not like much myself) is of course Adair's *hère naine* - he finds the singing of "God Bless America" in the tragic closing scene "triumph". *Apocalypse Now*, because it shows Americans engaged in wanton killing, is much more to his liking, but even here he objects to the note of "tragic grandeur" at the end, the "meditation on the eternal verities of good and evil".

In Katee Reese's *Day Soldiers* is a very good film in my view, and profoundly hostile to the war. Adair criticizes a minor incident as a "ridiculously lightweight indictment of a society's decline". The film is "fatally compromised" by Reese's view of the war as a "trauma", an approach which is simply not good enough for Adair. American society is rotten to the core and he will have nothing less. He seems angry, too, with every American film made during the period which does not deal with the war, summarizing some of them only to note resentfully that the war is not even mentioned.

Mr Adair is scornful of filmmakers who know only about cinema and considers himself to be highly knowledgeable on South-East Asian and American affairs. But this book takes virtually no account of anything that has happened in South-East Asia since 1975; so much so that it seems quite antique - it is as if the attitudes in it had been stored in a time capsule. Americans, after all, have now had years of watching on their television screens the desperate lengths to which Vietnamese "good people" still go to escape the

earthly paradise of the Chi Minh City. The *New York Times* (a great opponent of the war) has continued to publish articles about the present "Vietnam Calamity". Pol Pot, given his chance, exterminated perhaps half the population of Cambodia (an impressive score even by Nazi or Stalinist standards).

Mr Adair does not seem to be a great reader of books, but he should be told that Jean Lacouture, the great French expert on Indochina (who had such a huge influence on American writers on the subject) has confessed that out of partisanship he deliberately misled his readers on the nature of the regime in North Vietnam. Frances Fitzgerald, whose *Fire in the Lake*, with its high praise over the "cleansing flame of revolution", won every prize in sight when it appeared in 1972, was asked recently by the *Los Angeles Times* to write an article giving her views on present-day Vietnam. Her reported answer that she had not sorted out her thinking implied that the rape, embarrassingly, might have failed.

None of this proves that the American intervention in Vietnam was a good idea. (My own view, from quite early on, was that it was far beyond the nation's capacities, every word of it a price in blood or money.) But it does make it look as if the canonization of the adversary was, in a word, grotesque.

One of the many things that made the whole Vietnam venture so tragic, and pathetic, is that President Lyndon Johnson was so proud, until the last stage, of being able to fight a public war. The phrase is Robert McNamara's. "The sound of the bugle," said Johnson, had ended US social progress too often in the past. The Spanish-American War had cut short the Progressive movement; the First World War, Wilson's New Freedom; the Second World War, FDR's New Deal; the Korean War,

Truman's Fair Deal. No bugle was going to end LBJ's Great Society. Johnson would not raise taxes to pay for the war. He made no stirring calls to pay any price, bear any burden, "sweat and tears". One of the more obvious lessons of Vietnam - hard to miss now - is that democratic nations cannot fight wars without rousing the public ire.

But events in 1979 and 1980 caused a sharp reaction against the demoralization and self-vilification that had followed the Vietnam defeat. The Tehran hostage crisis saw motor-cyclists roaring along American highways with buttons reading "Fuck Iran". Teenagers sported T-shirts bearing the American eagle and with the legend, "Don't Mess with America". Ronald Reagan, during his Presidential campaign, called the Vietnam War a "noble cause" and didn't seem to lose a vote. As President he presented a huge new defence budget that passed the US Senate by a majority of ninety-four to one.

This time it was only a matter of weeks before Hollywood began to reflect the new national mood. Sylvester Stallone's *Nightmare on Elm Street* follows the line of international terrorism almost to the letter. The *James Bond* For You film *Only in the United States* (despite Mr Bond's nationality) has rediscovered the Soviet menace; the film is crawling with KGB agents and Cuban and East German henchmen. But most pungent of all, the current comedy hit, *Stripes*, shows a day-labourer, Mr Russo declares that "a straight day job is death to a writer" and blesses the fraternal ghetto for letting him live off its scraps while he was hard at work watching those hundreds of movies: he was fed, he acknowledges, by the snack-bar in a bath-house on St Mark's Place in New York.

PERFORMING ARTS

Conspicuous liberation

By Peter Conrad

VITO RUSSO:
The Celluloid Closet
Homosexuality in the Movies
276pp. Harper and Row. £7.95.
0 6 337019 0

The oppressed may be entitled to a saving self-righteousness, but it is preposterous of Vito Russo to present his research for *The Celluloid Closet* - which consisted in attending "more than 500 films in six cities" - as a protracted spiritual travail. "This book," he announces with the arrogance of the elect, "put a lot of decent people through hell." But the hell to which Mr Russo subjected his lackless intimates turns out to be an eternity of hell, not an existential agony: "most of them hold responsible jobs during daylight hours and have no call to be awake at four in the morning listening to stories about sissies in the 1930s." Though this detail makes these nocturnal sessions of consciousness-raising sound no more than marathons of bad-mouthing, Mr Russo is adamant about the strenuous intellect and self-purging analysis entailed, and is especially grateful to a certain Arnie Kantrowitz, whose contribution to the book was his empathy and clarity. Kantrowitz, he "knows suffering when he sees it". Desperate as he is to establish his credentials as society's abused and excluded conscience, threatened with starvation if he won't give in and enrol as a day-labourer, Mr Russo declares that "a straight day job is death to a writer" and blesses the fraternal ghetto for letting him live off its scraps while he was hard at work watching those hundreds of movies: he was fed, he acknowledges, by the snack-bar in a bath-house on St Mark's Place in New York.

The acknowledgments to *The Celluloid Closet* merit inspection because they establish the moral style and stance of what follows. They sum up the author's self-congratulation and his self-deception; they exemplify radical chic passing itself off as irate radicalism. While dramatizing himself as a reject, victim on crusts discarded by the mainstream, sustained by his fellow initiates in suffering, Mr Russo is careful to mention the expensive intercontinental forays he managed while researching: those 500 films were distributed between six cities - London, New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington and Amsterdam. The ghetto-dweller is, after all, a jet-setter. A yet more telling admission occurs in his introduction, when - embattled as ever - Mr Russo is describing his campaign against slurs and put-downs. For three years, he was persecuted with the same dumb queries about his work. "At dinner parties, at family gatherings, at lunches in Manhattan and on picket lines in Berkeley, on the beach at Fire Island and on lecture tours in the Midwest, everyone had the same question when the subject of this book was raised in conversation." The question itself doesn't matter; what does is Mr Russo's itinerary, and his ingenious conversion of oppression into publicity and profit ("this book", we're told, "grew from his lecture on homosexuality in the movies, which has been covered by major television and print media in the United States and Europe"). And the middle-headedness which can string together venues and occasions as incompatible as sunning yourself on the beach, clenching your fist at a rally, and merchandizing your torments to a lecture audience which has paid to listen to you.

Here, in a single sentence, Mr Russo has embodied the shame of the gay movement's capitulation to radical chic. The provocation of social and psychological change becomes both tourism and profiteering: the conservative oppressors of the Midwest sign up as paying customers for Mr Russo's travelling narangue. Demonstrating - always alleged to be a fair-weather traveller - for the frivolous fellow-travellers of radical chic is interchangeable with the toning-up of your sun-tan. Activism and relaxation, making propaganda and making money, are joined in giddy indiscernibility. Such is the dubious destiny of gay

liberation which, instead of engineering a revolution, has promoted a consumer boom, sponsoring an alternative economy of Madonna-protected bath-houses, druggy discos and boot boutiques, all conjured into being by the disposable incomes of men who have elaborated their sexual orientation into a compulsively and conspicuously consuming "life-style".

It is this treason with which the German film-maker Rosa von Praunheim faulted the American movement in 1972, and which Mr Russo's book epitomizes. His deal metaphors reveal as much. He commends film-makers who are "openly gay", pleads for the greater "visibility" of homosexuals in movies, and argues that Hollywood's way of suppressing homosexuality was to render it invisible. To confess or to come out involves making yourself conspicuous, and conspicuousness - as Vachel Lindsay declared in his theory of an economy entering to a leisured class - is the quality which emblemizes affluence. The affluent are those who consume conspicuously. Mr Russo's gobs have modelled their private lives on their economic habits: they are honest because they are open, which means self-advertising. They wear their hearts on their sleeves, and their carnal preferences on their bells, exteriorizing their requirements by positioning their key rings to the left or to the right. Self-declaration is thus identical with self-publicizing - another instance of radical sexuality's entrenchment to a consumer economy.

To be "openly gay" is - as in Mr Russo's case, with his lecture tours and his exposure by "major television and print media" - to make a living out of it. The visibility for which Mr Russo agitates throughout *The Celluloid Closet* is the proper goal not of a revolutionary but of a promotional publicist, committed to getting his product on display. The forensic triumph of Mr Russo's treatise is therefore concluding "filmography", an index which crams visibility on various reluctant or implausible candidates - Montgomery Clift oedipally adoring John Wayne in *Red River*; Judith Anderson purring over Rebecca's nightie; Terence Stamp melting an erotic commotion among the tars in *Billy Budd*; Glenn Ford and George Macready plighting their troth in *Gladiator*; Bert Lahr as the puffed lion in *The Wizard of Oz*. The shrill and conspiratorial tone of these annotations impugns Mr Russo's case. In *X, Y, and Z*, he announces, "Elizabeth Taylor, who with Susanah York," the "lit" fairly crying out for it; italicized, and his aside on Ken Russell's *Valentino* flicks in limp wrist as he enquires, "Well, was he or wasn't he?" Being an invitation to membership of an exclusive club, the detection of homosexuality is achieved with the help of one's friends, who are already members: thus Mr Russo's index includes *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, in which the relevant character is the one "played by Frank Langella, according to everyone who saw it." This means, I presume, that Mr Russo hasn't seen it, but is content to rely on word of mouth. And there are other cases where the imputation is mere rumour, unsubstantiated innuendo: *Dr Strangelove* qualifies for the filmography, though Mr Russo's note on it flimsily admits "Homosexuality of Peter Sellers reportedly removed." (Surgically?) By electric shock treatment? *Fame* excites a titter because Paul McCrane plays "the only gay student at Performing Arts High School (if you can believe that one)".

The index which concludes the book is, like the introduction and acknowledgements which open it, a mockery of Mr Russo's professed principles, since the gleam with which it points the finger evinces what he deplores as "the closet mentality", the "inherent unspectacularity". The research about travel - which Mr Russo is so portentous, shared out between his friends like an undergraduate treasure hunt: "a number of people played 'spot the homosexual' for me whenever they saw a film and were constantly calling me

with 'I think I found one!' - a phrase which, even on the page, re-creates in an attic-dimensions camp octave.

Mr Russo writes exuberantly, and seems to be so not by incompetence or misadventure, but dogmatically, out of purpose. In a sentence like his comment on *Madchen in Uniform* - "The film shows an understanding... of the dynamic of women relating to women on their own terms" - the awkward solidity of the prose and the recourse to a mechanistic metaphor vouchsafe his integrity, his sober trust in our contemporary psychiatric version of puritanism, which brings to our relations with those we love or have sex with the same dutiful anxiety once reserved for the Calvinist soul's relation with its God. This grim seriousness wouldn't be objectionable if it were consistently maintained, but the style deflates it, as in the phrases I've quoted from the index, by getting the giggles, and beneath the pretence of earnestness it's disclosed that this therapeutic self-scouring is as empty as the trivial as the consciousness of old, bad movies.

The Celluloid Closet is a conspicuous gable, lacking critical subtlety and patently ignorant of any culture outside the companionable dark of those art cinemas in London, New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington and Amsterdam. For instance, Mr Russo writes about the male allomies in Howard Hawks' westerns or their later urban correlates like *Midnight Cowboy* as if these ambiguous partnerships were an invention of Hollywood rather than an inheritance from the early narrative of men without women, exploring and subduing a perilous frontier, which dominates American literature from Fenimore Cooper to Hemingway. Leslie Fiedler inaugurated the study of this fraternal eroticism in his essay on Huck Finn's voyage with Nigger Jim, but Mr Russo is more concerned with nudges, winks and snide aspersions - Ryan O'Neal cuddling a grizzled William Holden in *The Wild Riders*, Joanne Woodward speculating about the likelihood of Paul Newman's clonning with Robert Redford - than with such indwelling and abiding cultural motives. The mythical victory of this section of his book, denouncing the American cult of masculinity, is the pillorying of the totem of that cult, John Wayne, as what Mr Russo calls a "denim faggon", a cowboy more fit for a leather bar than for the wide open range. Hence the inclusion of a still from *Red River*, with Montgomery Clift gazing at Wayne in tender adulation, or the quote from *Midnight Cowboy*, when John Voight in his hunched, drag-naïve roundness on Dustin Hoffman for implying that John Wayne's gay; hence too Mr Russo's besely suggestion that homosexuals, newly uniformed in jeans and plaid shirts, have co-opted the sartorial clichés of an obsolete masculinity "just as Marion Morrison changed his name to John Wayne" and remade himself in the hunky semblance of a "real man".

My objections to all this aren't homophobic. Mr Russo frets about the necessity for a gay criticism to defy the orthodox edicts of the inimical straights, to which I'd reply that the primary distinction is simply that between good criticism, no matter what sexual sensibility informs it, and bad. There is already an example of good - because stylish, and heretofore unimagined - gay criticism of the same subject in Parker Tyler's *Screening the Sexes*. Mr Russo's criticism, its sexual bias notwithstanding, is bad.

British Music Yearbook 1982 (498pp. Adam and Charles Black. £12.50. 0 7136 21796), with Arthur Jacobs and Marianne Baker as its Editors, is the eighth edition of a reference book covering the organizations concerned with music: performance agents, composers, librettists, etc.; festivals and competitions; record companies, instrument makers and retailers, publishers and periodicals; libraries, museums; and church music. It starts with a survey and the statistics of 1980, and articles on such subjects as tax, VAT, copyright and advice for the young composer or performer.



This pencil drawing, entitled "Jeff, the Actor" (1979), is from a book of drawings by the London-born artist Maria Dubsky, "Tom Pilgrim's Progress Among the Consequences of Christianity and Other Drawings" (49pp. Gay Men's Press, 27 Priory Avenue, London N8 7RN. £4.95. 0 907040 19 8). Some fifty-and drawings are reproduced, mostly male nudes, in which overtly homosexual sensibilities are explored. Edward Lucie-Smith writes in his introduction: "... abstract art is inevitably divorced from the erotic; feeling in particular seems to require precise embodiments as a focus for fantasy. To put this in another and more relevant way - a homosexual artist who confined himself strictly to abstract forms would almost certainly give us very little hint of his sexual orientation."

Playing the game

By Garry O'Connor

H. G. MCINTYRE:
The Theatre of Jean Anouilh
165pp. Harparr. £5.50.
0 345 53221 8

Anouilh is unpopular today both in France and in Britain. His stance in recent plays such as *Chère Zoé* (1976) and *La Caléotte* (1978) is unashamedly reactionary. The young are presented as taking money and offering only insult in return. The besieged hero, usually a writer or theatre man, is constantly reprimanded against. Thirty years ago it was a different story. Peter Brook, then a boulevardier, voiced the popular enthusiasm: "Unlike so many present-day playwrights," he wrote in his Preface to *L'Invitation au Château* (*Ring Round the Moon*), "who are descendants of a literary school and whose plays are animated by the *commedia dell'arte*. Like Chopin he preconceives the accidental and calls it an impromptu. He is a poet, but not a poet of words: he is a poet of words-acted, of scenes-act, of players-performing."

This is a statement that H. G. McIntyre might have noted. In his study he has interwoven the reclusive Anouilh's pronouncements on his *métier* (dug out of newspaper interviews) and generally balanced analysis of the plays with occasional (too occasional) biographical detail. We learn that Anouilh hated de Gaulle for the execution of the *colabo* Brasillach: "the young man that I was and the young man Brasillach died the same day and - relatively speaking - of the same thing." McIntyre quotes his implacable opposition to all forms of realism: "the even flatter image if that's possible, of the already conventional image which men create for themselves of their existence", and his opposition, too, to the idea that answers can be

found in the theatre, and to theory in general.

In practice, too, Anouilh scrupulously avoids making a play too complete. As in the work of Labiche, a playwright with whom he'd like to be compared, it's the enjoyment of the game, the sense of absurdity, the playfulness in his characters' preoccupations and in the theatrical routines, which he believes counts. With the years this ambiguity of resources has grown, enriching further, in McIntyre's view, his one central theme, the "eternal and universal conflict between idealism and reality".

But hasn't Anouilh always had too multiple a view of causality, and isn't this his main drawback? In *Antigone*, where it works best, the heroine's predicament subtly shifts, from justifying her action on the grounds of "sacred duty and sisterly love", to the absolute of her own character ("she is after all Antigone and we know that it is Antigone's allotted role... to defy Creon"); the effect is, McIntyre says approvingly, to re-create "that constant oscillation from particular to general, from fragment to completed pattern which characterizes life itself". But the same method applied later in *Pauvre Béat*, about the left-wing magistrate who identifies with Robespierre, chews up of tragic expectation, of the faith or commitment Anouilh is so patently capable of raising. We balk, finally, at finding ourselves in the presence of a mocker.

In trying to redress the balance in Anouilh's favour, McIntyre claims his importance as a thinker has been underrated. He might have shown how Anouilh's influence has permeated our own playwrights, for example Nicholas or Shaffer. Occasionally he writes clumsily: "This significant development will be our main interest here, since it prepares for an all-important change in Anouilh's attitude to the theatre which will take place in the next chapter." As a whole the book could do with some of Anouilh's own zip.

The stars in their courses

By Janet Morgan

BARRY NORMAN:
The Movie Greys
319pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.95.
0 340 25973 8

RONALD HOWARD:
In Search of My Father
A Portrait of Leslie Howard
255pp. William Kimber. £9.75.
0 7183 0168 4

No doubt the publishers hoped these books would appeal to students of The Film; let us, however, inspect them from the viewpoint of students of The Book. It will not take long.

Barry Norman's offering is based, like its predecessor, *The Hollywood Greys*, on a BBC television series. Not that *The Movie Greys* are in any sense leftovers; the nine actors and actresses portrayed here are in their own right slightly skewed, frequently desperate, and usually eccentric. They are afflicted by illness (Jack Hawkins, Robert Donat), allegations of treachery (Charlie Chaplin, Gracie Fields, Edward G. Robinson) and they seek solace in drugs (Marilyn Monroe), parsimony (Groucho Marx) and quasi-marriage (Peter Finch, Leslie Howard). Behind them stretches a trail of ex-husbands, ex-wives and intricately related children; these, together with sympathetic or baffled relatives ("Well," says Gracie Fields's first husband's sister-in-law, "it wouldn't have been a happy life if it had been mine") and friends (who do not beat about the bush: "We get down to the sexual angle with everybody I suppose...," declares Tim Durrant, Charlie Chaplin's investment manager), are Barry Norman's sources for the observations and anecdotes that make up his neatly turned chapters of entertaining gossip.

The result is no easy but pointless book. Each chapter, like, presumably, each programme in the original series, stands on its own, with an attempt to link the recurring themes

- impoverished childhood, luck, patronage, financial scrapes, complicated emotional relations, illness and hypochondria, forceful mothers. On television a sequence of clips of odd-looking people stating that so and so had indefinable magic, or was looking for a father, carries some momentary authority; on the page such a set of assertions needs to be anchored in more than the occasional half-sentence of analysis.

Barry Norman's chief difficulty is that the characteristic shared by all his movie greats - "star quality" - is impossible to convey in print. He tries his best to explain why they were photogenic, how they could manipulate an audience or carry a scene, assisted by his subjects' colleagues: "... so alive - full of variety and tone and great vitality..."; "a most... wonderfully gifted comedienne..."; "the essence of the Marx Brothers...". The black-and-white photographs at the beginning of each chapter reveal far more of the human essence of the movie greats than these banal remarks. There is Marilyn Monroe looking as if she has just been crying. Peter Finch focussing his eyes on a far horizon. Edward G. Robinson dapper and untrustworthy; Jack Hawkins reliable, and Groucho Marx like a well-oiled machine. The photograph of the sinister Louis B. Mayer, appended to the tenth chapter, on the Hollywood moguls, shows in a flash why Norman's nine subjects loathed the place.

Ronald Howard's book is much less disappointing. It is awkwardly written and constructed, as full of flashbacks and predictions as a night-mare. Perhaps this is because Howard is giving his own confused reactions to his father's complicated and evasive life and puzzling death; these muddled chapters are very moving. Leslie Howard, vague and elusive, lived two lives, one with his wife Violet. Both women were indispensable to him; after Violet's sudden death he turned to spiritualism in an attempt to reach her. Ronald

Howard describes his sister's disapproval of their father's behaviour towards their mother; the author himself is sympathetic but critical. He sees it as part of his father's essential and practised, ambiguity: Ronald loved his father but, it seems, never quite pinned him down.

He has the same attitude to the manner of Leslie Howard's death. The civil aircraft in which actor was travelling home from Portugal, in 1943 after an Iberian tour for the British Council, was shot down by German fighters, although that route enjoyed special protection. With hindsight, and the help of Ronald Howard's careful research, it seems odd that so much mystery was made about this incident; what is interesting is that the actor's friends, relations and admirers felt there ought to be a mystery, that this moody, self-effacing hero might have been working for British Intelligence, might have been associated, if only recently, with the spy in the beauty shop in the Ritz Hotel in Madrid, might have seemed to accompany not his cigar-smoking accountant, Alfred Chennahls, but Winston Churchill himself. Even Ronald Howard, who gives a sensible and plausible explanation of the tragedy, talks in riddles drawn from *Hamlet* of elements of destiny, the forging of his father's life for a final achievement.

Leslie Howard remains mysterious - and that admission makes his son's book attractive. Far better to be baffled by these mercurial creatures than to believe that reminiscence brings them nearer.

A collection of photographs by Reggie "Scop" Speller, whose career as a Fleet Street photographer spanned six decades, was published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson earlier this year. *What A Picture!* (128pp. £4.95. 0 297 77500 1) is a selection of some of his best pictures taken during the 1930s and 40s and although it does not "pretend to be a comprehensive account of the times it does reflect an extraordinary range of English experiences and attitudes..."

TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Important news for
New Subscribers in the
United States of America and
Canada

New subscribers to The
Times Literary Supplement in the U.S. and
Canada can now take advantage of our special
introductory rate of \$70* for a year's issues. Simply
complete the coupon below and our computerised
subscription service will process your order at once.

*Payment must be made in US dollars only.

Please send me The Times Literary Supplement for one
year. I enclose my cheque for \$70, made payable to
Times Newspapers Ltd.

Please print

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature

Date

Mail this coupon with your cheque to Times Newspapers
Limited, Supplements Subscription Manager, Oakfield
House, 35 Perrymount Road, Haywards Heath,
West Sussex, RH16 3DH, England.

Other overseas subscribers should write for information to the address above.

TA1

T.L.S. subscriptions

The surest, most convenient way to get the TLS each week is to take out a subscription. Our new subscription service now located at the address below will provide all subscribers quickly and regularly with their weekly copy of the paper, which remains an incomparable guide to new and recent books published all over the world. New subscribers are invited to begin here, by filling in the coupon below.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The following postal zones are listed for your convenience. If your country is not included, please contact your local postal authority to ascertain your correct zone as specified by the British Post Office.

United Kingdom only by surface mail.
6 months (26 issues) £12.50
12 months (52 issues) £25.00.

British Postal Zone 'A' including Algeria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates.
6 months (26 issues) £23.40.
12 months (52 issues) £46.80.

British Postal Zone 'B' including Argentina, Bermuda, Brazil, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Malaysia, Mexico, Nigeria, Pakistan, Singapore, South Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Zambia, Zimbabwe.
6 months (26 issues) £26.52.
12 months (52 issues) £53.04.

British Postal Zone 'C' including Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Taiwan.
6 months (26 issues) £29.12.
12 months (52 issues) £58.24.

Europe including Cyprus, Gibraltar, Malta.
6 months (26 issues) £20.80.
12 months (52 issues) £41.60.

By Air Freight USA and Canada only
£35.00 - \$70.00 (US dollars only) per annum.

Please send me *The Times Literary Supplement*

☐ 6 months ☐ 12 months

Please print

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose my cheque for made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd

Signature

Date

Return this coupon to Times Newspapers Ltd, Supplements Subscription Manager, Oakfield House, 35 Perryman Road, Haywards Heath, West Sussex RH16 3DH.

Encounters with the Kosmical

By Hugh Haughton

MARGARET GLYNNE LLOYD:

William Carlos Williams's *Poterson*
204pp. Associated University Presses.
£9.
0 8386 2152 X

DON BYRD:

Charles Olson's *Maximus*
204pp. University of Illinois Press.
0 252 00779 4

"America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and Kosmical as she is herself". At least Walt Whitman demanded it (the words come from his "Democratic Vistas") and this came to much the same thing. By asserting loudly that the poetic imagination was more than equal to America, and by showing his awesome capacity not to be overawed by his prismatic awe at it all, Whitman launched the modern American literary poem, and set a formidable precedent for lyric poetry.

The long poem in English has been an almost exclusively American preserve in this century - though its tradition of the miscellaneous, spreadeagled lyric epic, from Pound's *Cantos* through Williams's *Poterson* and on to the work of Zukovky, Olson, Ginsberg, Dorn, and Ashbery, has scarcely been recognized this side of the Atlantic, least of all by the academy, which has preferred the compact, self-contained, and civilized lyrics of poets like Lowell and Ransom to the "bold, modern, and all-surrounding and Kosmical" tradition of the successors to Whitman and Williams. Such a tradition seems light years away from the values of recent English poetry, with its well-advertised distaste for the "experimental" and, of course, the "cosmic" (let alone with a capital K).

It's sad, therefore, that these two critical books about the most substantial poems of this tradition - Margaret Glynn Lloyd's study of *Poterson* and Don Byrd's of *Maximus* - are so dull and so irrelevant. Both books are nothing if not academic - what Olson curiously called "professor stuff". They don't show the first idea of how poetry works or of what reading a poem is like; and the shadow of the Blatant Beast of the PhD thesis falls heavily across them. It is true that much American poetry is programmatic, and can often seem like a perpetually rewritten manifesto for itself, but it is a critical disaster when programmes are substituted for poems, and poetic intentions for poetic acts - as happens in both these books.

Lloyd and Byrd not only do not judge the effectiveness of poetry, but their expositions of Williams's and Olson's "open" and self-defining theories of poetic composition do not provide any possibility of *fallibility*, any criterion of *fallibility*. For these two commentators *Maximus* and *Poterson* not only do not fail as poems in any respect, they could not, since any kind of muddle, pretentiousness, chaos, or fragmentariness, can be justified as "of the process". When Don Byrd states that "the usefulness of Olson's work is that it proposes the impossible and dwells in it", or Margaret Lloyd that "at any given moment *Poterson*'s organization resembles the format of the modern daily press, which is simply the presentation of heterogeneous items in juxtaposition", they both in their different ways imply that whatever is (in the poems) is right; trivial considerations such as "impossibility", or the randomness of "juxtaposition", go by the board, and poetic discourse is left on its own, as *sui generis* and unjudgable, the poet as God's replacement or deputy. This is not only a particularly deceptive approach to Williams and Olson, but a dangerously dull one: every reader must be acutely conscious of the warring degree of success, the roughness and unevenness, present in poems like *Poterson* and *Maximus*.

On the face of it, *Poterson* and *Maximus* have much in common. Conceived and written contemporaneously, both bear the marks of being their

writer's magnum opus - culminating portraits of America. Robert Lowell's description of *Poterson* as "anti-Cantor written in America" could be applied to Olson's work too. As Olson said, Pound gave them both the "methodological clue: the RAG-BAG", while Williams gave "the lead on the local". Both poems are expansive, sprawling, experimental; conceived on the type-writer but organized with fluid, democratic lyricism; at the same time a portrait of a particular man (a kind of familiar, compound self-portrait of the poet in each case), and a particular place. Geography, history, autobiography are jumbled together - dreams, facts, newspaper-clippings, statistics, personal observations and jubilant or indignant affirmations, all in a very American grain. Neither of these grandiose, casual projects was finished - or, in all probability, finishable. Both, like every epic since the *Prelude*, are thoroughly self-reflexive works, as much about the process of their own composition as about the objective worlds they chose to represent (they are as typographical as topographical) and both are ultimately highly questionable as well as intimately self-questioning works.

But they are also radically different. Olson is much more pedagogical, erudite, esoteric, and Poundian - even in his attitude to provincial Gloucester. Consequently his sense of rhythm and lyric form, though as unpredictable and improvisatory as Williams's, is much more assertive, cutting and intractable. Williams's line is elastic, fluent, relaxed and responsive. *Maximus* is less read, less readable, and less humanly appealing as a result. Both poems look like "culture talk", and each "actually and solely, and quite exactly" offer nothing but the path itself, as Olson wrote of *Poterson*. But there's a lot of culture-talk too, and that dates faster than the paths; this is likely to affect the future status of the compulsively pedagogical Olson.

The two books under review give caricatured versions of the respective weaknesses of Olson and Williams. Under Margaret Lloyd's conscientious scrutiny, *Poterson* becomes as dull as ditchwater - a plodding provincial epic based on very vague sociological accounts of the city (by Mumford, Spengler, and others), written in a worthy pedestrian style which is beyond reproach, a modern equivalent of *The Excursion*, perhaps, mixing plain moral reflections with a diffused sense of personal ecstasy. She sums up her argument like this: "Accordingly as we have seen, the content, measure, and overall organization of *Poterson* is a product of a direct contract and engagement with the factors, the people, and the general dynamics of his environment as well as the new relativistic concepts of reality with which Williams became familiar." She talks about the poem's search for a redeeming language, but here redeems nothing and is unredeemably blank. She talks about Williams's "critical thinking in relation to the poem" and concludes it "has much in common with modern genre theory" - as if that meant anything, or could justify the profundity of Williams's conceptions. Her initial world is one in which everything Williams does has "much in common" with what other writers or authorities of some kind have written: she defends Williams by saying he is like X or Y, and she picks her way among the critics, repeating "as X has said," "as Y argued," or "but Z asserted", creating a mosaic of quotations from other people, or from Williams's work, to build up an impression of terrible consistency, even unanimity.

The only virtue of this technique of seeing similarities and parallels everywhere, and of sewing them together in the grey patchwork quilt of the book, is that some of the other voices seem real; above all, Williams's own quirkily intelligent, defiant, genially outrageous remarks shine out from the argument in which they are inserted. As the author puzzlingly remarks at the end of something else, his voice is "unintentionally audible", and provides the only redeeming leaves in a leaden book. There is grave danger of the best of times that Williams will be seen as a dull, "sincere" poet, or a drastically stupid one (as Winters and Jarrell

claimed) - and this pious book does him a profound disservice by making him seem both.

Don Byrd's book is diametrically opposite - but equally a caricature of the least appealing aspect of its subject. He writes as if learnedly expounding an unreasonable, archaic, mystical treatise on some weird Orphic mystery religion. He has a certain philosophical sophistication and writes a strenuous and abstract prose of some intensity about the historical, metaphysical, and philosophical programmes incorporated in the *Maximus*. But what has all this to do with Olson? Byrd comments on *Maximus IV* that "the whole thrust of cultural movement from Condwaland to Gloucester is a factor of Maximus's physiology which the poem proposes to contain in the divine inertia of the new coherence". And a little later that "the protogenic reality in the *Maximus* does not descend from heaven but rises directly from the genetic power of earth, to the morphological fact of the hero". Byrd claims that Olson demands "A discipline of attention as rigorous and demanding as cosmology or physics", and so does his own book - but his brand of cosmology and physics looks increasingly *willful*, and frankly batty, after a while. At one stage we hear that "like the Memphis theologians on whom he draws, Maximus runs the risk of paradox in accounting for the absolute primordiality of both Plah and Nut", and later that "the self need only become to itself an image of transcendent reality to avoid the encounter with death". He also tells us that "Olson's revision of Whitmanian democracy is to propose a ritualistic practice in which everyone is reborn as Jupiter". I do not think I will be alone in being unlightened by these claims and in thinking they cast as little light on *Maximus* as on anything else.

By concentrating entirely on Olson's scheme of history, his desire to re-establish an ecstatic, initiatic cosmology, his nostalgia for the second millennium BC, his belief in the being of objects, his commitment to Herodotus' kind of history that equates myths and facts, Byrd emphasizes the megalomania of Olson's ambition to undo all of history since the late Pleistocene in order to restore man's primary relation to the world. Byrd says that Olson treats the evidence of history "not unlike a lay-out for a reading of tarot-cards or an astrological chart", but he doesn't seem to find this either odd or alarming. By isolating the esotericism of Olson, and by refusing to give it any kind of historical or political context, he turns the poem into a gigantically eccentric and pedantic arcanum. Olson is made to sound like a world-historical John Cowper Powys, a lone, demented Jungian lecturer reinventing ancient religions, archetypes, the Great Mother, the eternal feminine (again), the "heroic principle", and other Mysteries Galore. Byrd expounds *Maximus* itself as if it were an ancient theological classic - gigantic, heretical fossil, miraculously lodged in the 1950s, or simply a monument of lunatic speculation.

Of course Olson does form part of the twentieth-century tradition of speculative poetic history which includes Spengler and Yeats, and he is committed to some Whiteheadian, Jungian, pre-Socratic cosmology. But the colloquial, the local, the unpredictable, the Olson of "go contrary, go sing", the man who has to learn "the simplest things last", who valued the naked eye, who became the historian of his community, the obsessive geographer of a particular place - all this Byrd misses. Among other things, *Maximus* is a splendid junk-yard of objects and memories and linguistic experiments. It is what Olson made of his own place and history which is impressive; and it is the opening sections of *Maximus*, alongside *Coll Me Ishmael*, and the poetry of the late 1940s that represent his most important work. Therefore, though sporadically recapturing the brilliance of *The Prunella and Kingfisher*, Olson forgot his audience, the facts of present history, and the discipline of communication. In fact he nearly turned himself into the kind of Kenilworth Pedagogue that Don Byrd explicates so unconvincingly in his pious commentary.

Bathing at Glymenopoulo

Lotophagi. I can believe it: first moment ashore the heat stunned us - a lavish blast and the stink of horses.

Then it was *Mister. Mister.* Captain McKenzie - bathing girls round from the beach, white towels and parasols weaving through gun-carriages, crates and saddlery lined on the quay to pelt us with flowers. *Wani!* Captain McKenzie? I give you good times. But we rode away, eyes-front and smiling, pursued until the Majestic gates.

Men to the grounds, officers too to a cool high-ceilinged room - mine with a balcony looking down to the lake. There were pelicans clambering carefully in and out and io, never still, wrecking the stagnant calm, fighting, and shaking their throats with a flabby rattlo. Otherwise, peace - the cedar layered in enormous green-black slabs and shading tents on the lawn; the horses only a rumour - stamping and spluttering out by the kitchen garden.

Each morning we rode early to Christmas Hill - two hours of drassage in dusty circuits than home with the sun still low. For the rest, time was our own - no readers, no news from France, but dallious horadom: polo some evenings, and long afternoons bathing at Glymenopoulo. Iras, I have you by heart, giggling and stumbling up from the breakers into my photograph, one thin hand pressed to your cheek, your knee-length, navy-blue costume puckered and clinging. I singled you out

day after day after day - to swim with, to dwellle arm in arm on the beach as the furious sun sank, and later to hear your pigdla whispers dancing in waterfront ruffs. You not like anyone. Gentling than other Captain McKenzies. You not like others - your lemon-scenting hair loose and brushing my mouth, your brocelata clinking, and languorous slow waltzes twirling us round and round in the smoky half-light. *Luck.*

I kept telling myself. *Luck.* It will end - but the lazy days stretched into five weeks, six, and then we were riding out on a clear pastel-blue morning to Christmas Hill as ever. And half-way, at Kalia, stopped at our watering place - a date-grove fringing the pool, and the whole platoon fanned in a crescent to drink. I was dismounted, leading my horse over packed sand, empty-headed and waving flies from my face when the firing began. Ten shots,

perhaps - flaps and smacks into date-trunks or puffing the sand and nobody hurt. But we charged - all of us thinking *At last. Action at last*, as our clumsy light brigade wheeled under the trees and away up a steady slope. I was far left, drawing my sword with a stupid high-pleth shout as we laboured through silvery mirage lakes. They were waiting ahead - Senussi, no more than a dozen, their gypsy alhouettes crouching and slinking back into stones as we breasted the rise.

The end of the world. A sheer wall falling hundreds of feet to a haze of yellow scrub. I wrenched myself round, sword dropped, head low, to a dead teataring belt as our line staggered, and buckled, and broke in a clattering slide. I can hear it again - the pooling whinnies, shouts, and the rush of scree where they shambled off into space. It has taken three days to bury them - one for the trek to the valley floor, one to scratch their ranks of graves, one to return.

There is little the same. At six we have curfew now: I am writing this after dark on my knee in the School of Instruction grounds, in a tent. I cannot sleep - stress disturbs me, blurring up from the harbour. Those are the ships from Gallipoli, unloading their trail of stretchers to the Majestic, where you will be waiting, Iras, I know, stopped outside the gates, high-heeled just as you were, with your hair fluffed out after swimming, repeating your tender sluttish call, *Wani! Captain McKenzie! I give you good times,*

Andrew Motion

Giving Thanks

Late last night on 77th I waited to watch the Macy mammoths get inflated and listen to bleary-eyed children cheer when Karmil's leg or Snoopy's limp left ear came out of their collapse as gas was blown through each sagged limb now magically ragrown.

Each mammoth strains beneath its weighted net straining for the sky it can't have yet, impatient to be loosed out of the dark over the browning trees of Central Park.

From yesterday I still can feel you blow your love all through my body like some helium that restores my true proportions, head to toe, and lifts my body skywards; when I come I'm out of the sandbagged nets and soar away into release and my Thanksgiving Day!

Tony Harrison

Stepping Out

Stepping out from under mother's Protection at five or fifty Up the ever-so-nasty wet Miles of tarmac to the moor Bold to cross it though his short Legs, he saw, were trembling. He arrived at the wind-worsted heather Out of reach of her voice, whether Raised in anger or muted In consolation. These were forbidden Tracts, so remote from mother's suburb, And what wonderful courage this was!

To have even started out was Appalling audacity, leading His belongings without her help, Taking boots, map and compass And creeping out to the door . . . Could this truly be himself? And could this invincible dawd be Raining, as he set off, when she Had predicted a sunny day with her? It scared him. It soothed him knowing How surely he would be creeping back When the day was over.

And he could not tell if he might Be prouder of having defied Mother's warnings, or of guessing How deeply he would defer again To her, in the end . . . Down there below, The voices of the crowd cried amazement That mother's own particular Weakling had gone so far; And the little voice here at his side Said the venturing out in dread And the golog back from fear Were both attributable to her.

Alan Brownjohn

Neenie

L.M. F.I.M. Crossley-Holland

Under the cowl, out on Scott Head, The swell and wash are inching their way back. The water picks up pabbles, razor shells, Birds' small bleached bones and witcher's purses; It toys with them, cries over them, And the legendary wave embraces them.

The tide returning: each wave and whicker, Everything forged into one force, A fusion with one meaning and purpose. Bot I think you are going farther, Ancient shuffler, or the fire now, flushed By this last blaze before going to bed.

Out of the dark they come at a knobbled wave, Processions unblemished and undeterred By time's strictures. Here is the hall At Oakwell: The chimney always roars like this: Frank is still up in the organ gallery, Puffing his cigar, blowing out another hymn.

The wind, more wind, and the cottage Rocks like a boat, quite safe, out at sea. Remember the train we took up to Wengen When you were six and I was sixty? It rocks, nurse, it rocks. I love this nursery. Kevin, have you met my pregnant sister? And now there is rain, ripping against the window (Long since painted into its frame) Behind the curtains of faded red velvet. What will become of the passion flowers? Still, the borders of this tapestry are teeming With forget-me-nots. I had three proposals . . .

It goes on and on. You make associations As children and poets do, bony fingers Clamped to the sill now, eyes watering: Not only the tide flowing and gathering up As it goes, not only time defused, But for itself a parade of whatever mattered

And for whatever reason, a statement Rises clear of interest and argument. I listen and think you are telling something Greater than its parts, a breath and sum Of life itself, the ego dispossessed. Grandmother, sleep, and sleep in peace.

Kevin Crossley-Holland

Counter-revolutionary gentry

By Stefan Collini

MARTIN J. WIENER:
English Culture and The Decline of
the Industrial Spirit, 1850-1890
217pp. Cambridge University Press.
£9.95.
0 521 23418 2

Although addressing a highly fashionable theme and not altogether phasing down its contemporary resonances, this book is intended to be a serious piece of cultural history. Martin J. Wiener's scholarly intentions, as well as his impressively catholic reading, are evident in his 600 substantial footnotes, and as an American and a Professor of History he may be assumed to be free from the siltier forms of cultural materialism commonly displayed in a discussion of this theme by journalists in Britain. Moreover, his book has several virtues not always possessed by works in this field: it is clearly-written, well-documented, thoughtful, and short. But since it is already clear that the book will not want for appreciative attention, I shall say no more about its considerable merits, confining myself, instead, to raising some doubts about its central argument.

To begin a little before the beginning, and as a way of approaching the main cluster of difficulties, consider the book's title. "Decline" is what gives it its punch, and, faithful to this title, Wiener does at times write as though "English culture" (of which more below) had reached a peak of enthusiasm for industrial activity round about 1850, after which this enthusiasm was eroded by the spread of the "anti-industrial" attitudes with which the book is chiefly concerned. Understandably, in such a short book, Wiener has no time to deal with the period before this "decline", but one cannot help but wonder in what sense he understands "industrial values" to have been dominant in the still overwhel-

mingly rural and aristocratically-controlled society of England before 1850. The usual nod towards the Crystal Palace and the ritual quotation from Samuel Smiles do not help very much, and hardly justify the claim that 1851 marked "the high-water mark of educated opinion's enthusiasm for industrial capitalism", or that the ideals of industrialism "seemed to have become the national ideal of Victorian Britain". In writing such history, selective quotation is inescapable and not always culpable, but it is not too difficult, even confining oneself to the kind of literary sources which Wiener makes good use of, to assemble a pretty powerful team of protestors against "industrial capitalism" in the half century between Cobbett and Arnold.

At other times, however, Wiener seems to be saying that in the realm of cultural attitudes, at least, Britain never really had a successful industrial revolution; in his somewhat teleological formulation, the "transition to modernity" was "incomplete". Insofar as industrialization did take place, it did so "unvoluntarily", with the result that there was no "need" for a fundamental transformation. Now, these two claims are not strictly incompatible, but there is obviously a rather awkward tension between them. When taking the first line, Wiener is prone to emphasize the "counter-revolution of gentry values" which he sees as taking place after 1850, but on the second view this was hardly necessary. And if aristocratic and rural values did not constitute a fatal obstacle to getting industrialization going before 1850, then it is not obvious why they could not co-exist with maintained industrial activity thereafter. In fact, the role of the aristocracy as the pioneer entrepreneurs is altogether a bit of a problem for Wiener, who resolves it by saying they were just "economically aggressive enough to preserve their predominance without abandoning their distinctive set of values and style of life". However, if this is true, it surely casts some doubt on

the tightness of the fit between emerging economic activity and "industrial values" assumed to be necessary throughout the book. This point can be approached from a different angle by considering what, in the British case, Wiener thinks we should have expected to find. After all, his is essentially a story about what did not happen, but unlike the case of Holmes's acutism it is not clear that there was one pattern of behaviour which would have been "natural". The firmest specification which Wiener gives of the counterfactual alternative is to say that some kind of cultural priority would have had to be assigned to "the desire to maximize individual or national wealth". But assigning priority to this economic desire might appear a tactless bit of speech-writing even in Detroit, and some of the passages Wiener cites as evidence of an "anti-industrial" ethic in Britain seem to be saying little more than that there are more important things in life than making a bigger profit.

Nor is it the case that industrial activity can only be endorsed by using that particular kind of flatly utilitarian vocabulary. Culling comparable sources in twentieth-century Japan might yield an ostensibly even stronger affirmation of the values of loyalty, family and tradition, values which Wiener tends to present as inherently "anti-industrial". It would be unfair to imply that he would simply be misled by such evidence, but it does point to the lack of a firm hold, in his discussion of the British material, of the distinction between the evaluative and metrical resources of a given cultural tradition, and what particular uses are made of these resources. There is, as it were, more than one way of being told to pull your finger out.

In all such studies, there is a danger of exaggerating the degree of cultural homogeneity exhibited in the chosen period. It would take either a disabblingly scrupulous or recklessly anarchic historian to present an equal number of quotations which

ind against his preferred interpretation as in favour of it, and Wiener certainly cannot be accused of drawing only upon a narrow or predictable range of sources. Still, at times one may have reservations about representativeness: it didn't absolutely knock me sideways to discover that those who made speeches at the annual jamhoree of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings were all again your satanic mills and in favour of a spot of the old half-timbered. There is also an occasional hint of strain when some selected witness proves a bit recalcitrant about coming up with the right answers. For example, being told that "even" John Stuart Mill had reservations about "the material preoccupations of early-Victorian England" is a bit like being told that "even" Iven Illich has the odd doubt about high-technology economics. And when we are told that "even" to Sidney Webb "Socialism meant 'the call to frugal and earnest living'" we begin to wonder whether we have missed an erretum slip saying for "even" read "especially". (And am I alone in thinking that Mrs Webb's ideal of being "divested of all human appetite" is evidence of something other than a low opinion of the quest for material gain?)

The difficulties of Wiener's case are neatly illustrated in his handling of Samuel Smiles. For the most part, as one would expect, he gives evidence on behalf of the industrial ethic (Wiener rather inelegantly - and perhaps inaccurately - calls him "the most well-known ideologist of industrial capitalism"), but sometimes he is called to the stand by the prosecution also, and then we are told that "even Smiles" - the tell-tale adverb again - paid court to the "gentlemanly ideal". The discrimination of the two strands is nicely done, but their coexistence in Smiles might once again be thought to indicate that declarations of allegiance to that ideal were not incompatible with a good deal of buying cheap and selling dear, especially when Wiener allows that in Smiles's case this ideal

was stripped of "outward clay-bound associations" and treated as the hallmark of those who had helped themselves.

One final doubt which may be worth raising concerns the difficulty of knowing where Wiener himself stands on all this and what response he hopes to provoke. A historian is not normally under any obligation to declare his own moral, cultural or aesthetic preferences - their parade is often just a vulgar irrelevance - but since Wiener constantly employs the vocabulary of condemnation ("failure", "incomplete", "cost", "drawback", and so on) we can only conclude that he does not endorse the cultural attitudes he describes. He consistently portrays these attitudes as "obstructive", and in his concluding sentences he declares that "changing this frame of mind" may prove to be Mrs Thatcher's "most fundamental challenge". We are left to assume that he will cheer her on in this endeavour.

Of course, books get recruited to causes which their authors may well not support. Since this one's publication, a well-known Australian newspaper owner has been reported as attacking "the gentlemanly ideal" of Britain's "establishment" which "create the social and psychological currents which have done so much damage to Britain and its willingness to change". He went on to assert - as though it were the merest conventional wisdom - that "in Britain the industrial revolution was not followed by a revolution in social values. Aristocratic and rural attitudes were maintained: Merrie England and all that". It would be interesting to know whether this speech will be cited as a representative piece of evidence when the sequel to Professor Wiener's book is written a hundred years hence. If it is, I hope our future historian will explain that these phrases were being used as part of an argument against restrictions on advertisements and will record that the speech was being given at an Advertising Association lunch.

Monuments of municipality

By J. Mordaunt Crook

COLIN CUNNINGHAM:
Victorian and Edwardian Town Halls
315pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£25.
0 7100 0723 X

"You can't have art where you have smoke; you may have it in bill, perhaps. . . But you will never have it in Sheffield. . . No artist worth his salt. . . would live in Sheffield, nor would any one who cared for pictures - for a million a year."

That was Ruskin's reply in 1876, to an invitation to address the Sheffield Society of Artists. Twenty years later Sheffield's new town hall, designed by E. W. Mountford, was ready for occupation. In *Victorian and Edwardian Town Halls* Colin Cunningham calls it "the showpiece of eclecticism". Such inversions of taste - he finds Oxford town hall (1893) "seriously underestimated" - are all part of the fun for Victorian enthusiasts. But this is not a book about taste. It is primarily a catalogue of municipal buildings - begun appropriately as a PhD at Leeds - bolstered by analyses of planning, patronage and finance. With matters of style Dr Cunningham is less concerned. His roll-call of civic palaces - "always showy, often vulgar and domineering but very seldom dull" - is factual rather than aesthetic, although he does reveal a preference for High Victorian Gothic (Manchester, Rochdale, Bradford). That is a pity, because the Baroque town halls of the Edwardian age are now ripe for re-evaluation - for re-evaluation. "In truth", Goodhart Rendel admitted in the 1930s, "the judicious (there is no other word for it) of English architecture is not very much to our taste today, and the many ambitious

works in which it is displayed should be brought up for judgment fifty years hence rather than now". Well, their time has come at last. Colchester, Belfast, Deptford, Cardiff, Lancaster, Leigh, Woolwich, Mryl-bon: the town halls of the Edwardians - architectural jeroboams in Bojeman's "age of champagne" - no more ready for their art-historian.

Meanwhile, we have Cunningham as civic pride and municipal rivalry: Manchester v Liverpool; Leeds v Bradford. Before commissioning designs in 1866, the Rochdale town council first of all took care to size up the neighbouring competition: they visited Halifax, Leeds, Blackburn and Preston in turn. Smaller boroughs, proud of their newly won corporate status, indulged in architectural advertisement and overstatement: Pandemonium town hall (France-Italian, 1865-68), for instance; or the exaggerated Baroque of Alfred Brumwell Thomas's town hall at Stockport (1904-8). "The tendency of all corporations", admitted the Mayor of Leigh in 1907, at the opening of Leigh town hall, "is to go in for some degree of dignity". Even within the same town, rivalries could take in architectural form: in the celebrated battle over Halifax town hall, Edward Ackroyd backed the Gothic of G. G. Scott; Crookes plumped for the Renaissance and Sir Charles Barry - and Crookes and Barry were the winners. Barry in fact, in 1859, snimmed up this whole process of municipal aggrandizement and architectural expression: "A town hall should in my opinion be the most dominant and important of the municipal buildings of the city in which it is placed. It should be the centre of feeling, the expression of the public feeling upon all national and municipal events of importance. It should serve as the exponent of the life and soul of the city." Indeed - and Barry's own

Hallifax town hall is a better example than most.

No doubt any town hall is essentially a corporate symbol. But many of the most prestigious buildings depended crucially on private patronage. In Middleborough much depended on the Quaker businessman Joseph Pease and Thomas Richardson, backed by iron kings like Bolebrook, Vaughan and Dorman. At Barrow-in-Furness the key figure was William Cavendish, 6th Duke of Devonshire, ceiling through his local agent James Ramsden, locomotive superintendent, secretary of the railway company and secretary to the harbour commissioners. Elsewhere local magnates and landlords often took it upon themselves to finance and organize town hall construction. J. R. Wolfenden at Bolton; G. L. Asborth at Rochdale; John Rylands at Stratford; Lord Overton at Dunbarton; Lord Mosyn at Llandudno; and the Dukes of Bedford, Newcastle and Portland at Tavistock, Woking and Mansfield - no magnate, no town hall. At Todmorden in 1870-75 the Fledens sponsored a temple-form structure by J. Gibson of a splendour quite beyond the pockets of its inhabitants. At Lancaster William Howard's classical town hall of 1906-9 is really a medieval memorial to Lord Ashton, the magnanimous ironmonger king. And Paisley's monumental town hall built in 1879-82 to designs by W. H. Lynn of Belfast, stems almost entirely from the generosity of the Clark family - a tribe of cotton-reel magnates more famous in recent times for the production of a celebrated art critic.

And there was money in it for the architects too. Waterhouse made £25,000 out of Manchester town hall. So it is hardly surprising that municipal architectural competitions drew record entries: 136 competitions at Manchester, 179 at Sheffield in 1890, 98 and 125 at Glasgow in 1880 and

1881. Even so, in 1863 Augustus Frere calculated that the odds against winning were twenty to one, while the profit to the profession amounted to only £5,508 on a collective outlay of £291,388. Still, the prestige of winning more than justified the risk. Waterhouse made his name through competitions, and what Leeds town hall did for Cuthbert Brodribb, Sheffield town hall did for E. W. Mountford. E. W. Godwin entered at least nine competitions for civic buildings. H. T. Hare entered thirteen, Henry Chorus nine, Brighton Blynov six, J. M. Brydon eight and William Hill and Malcolm Stark six each.

The meat of this book consists in two formidable appendices: Appendix II lists the results of some 214 municipal architectural competitions, complete with the names of assessors and those of the first, second and third prize-winners. Appendix III is a list of some 943 town halls, built or proposed between 1820 and 1914, together with the architects' names, building dimensions, estimates, final costs and local population figures. Of these, 131 are strictly speaking Edwardian, and 64 pre-Victorian; construction figures reach their peak in the 1860s - no less than 165 town halls were conceived during that decade. And as for costs, Manchester and Belfast alone cost second and third with £1,000,000 each, topped only by Ralph Knott's gargantuan County Hall, London, at £1,706,000. All this is valuable raw material, great for many a future thesis. But why is the first of these appendices arranged alphabetically? And why does a whole column - largely blank - to "height of tower", when the space might more sensibly have been devoted to style? Still, apart from one or two slips (J. Macfarlane Anderson appears consistently as "Mac Ivar"), this mass of information

appears to have been meticulously prepared. The big names are mostly there: Scott, Waterhouse, Burgess, Godwin. But the lesser men are often just as interesting. Step forward Silvanus Trevall of Truro, architect of the public halls at Camborne (1891) and St Austell (1896). You too, Oliver of Bath, architect of the town hall at Calne (1884-85). And you, H. de Foe Barrer, the Reverend architect of Stamford Corn Exchange (1839). Out of obscurity and into an appendix. . . Cunningham's research marks a sizeable step forward in the prosopography of Victorian architecture.

Victorian and Edwardian Town Halls is, therefore, a useful book. But its arrangement and production leave something to be desired. There is no subject index, only a list of names and places; documentation is sparse; the photographs are deservedly anonymous. Worst of all, the book reads at times like a cross between an architect's specification and a social science thesis: a chimera which becomes a "ritzy element"; instead of variety of tint we must endure "tinted range". Sir John Vanbrugh's name is adjectivally redefined as "Vanbrughian"; and we are even promised that the author "is still actively researching that field".

The Country Life Book of Royal Palaces, Castles and Homes, by Patrick Montagu-Smith and Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd, has just been published (176pp. Country Life, £12.50, 0 600 36808 4). It is divided into five sections, dealing, respectively, with palaces and fortresses currently occupied by members of the royal family; places once but no longer occupied by the royal family; other royal residences - such as Balmoral and Sandringham; and other houses and castles with historical royal connections.

commentary

Shakespeare in Japan

By Stanley Wells

Japan has assimilated Shakespeare into its culture, on both a scholarly and a popular level, to a remarkable degree. The Shakespeare Society of Japan, founded twenty years ago, has close on 500 members, most of them teachers in universities and schools. It publishes an annual periodical, *Shakespeare Studies*, part in English, part in Japanese. Each April the Society celebrates Shakespeare's birthday with a festival in Tokyo, centring on a performance of one of the plays, and it also holds an annual general meeting, which this year took place over an October weekend in Okayama and was attended by more than 200 members. A programme of papers along with a symposium on *Hamlet* was supplemented by less formal gatherings. An invitation to make the one contribution in English, and to give other lectures and seminars in Tokyo, Kyoto and Kurashiki, enabled me to learn more of Shakespeare's popularity and influence in Japan.

Though the plays are not taught in high schools, all English departments in universities - some have two or three - are expected to offer at least one course of seminars, and perhaps some lectures, on selected plays. *Hamlet*'s popularity may be gauged by the fact that Jiro Ozu's annotated edition, which appeared in 1965, is now in its twenty-third impression. A new, multi-volume edition of the complete works, with annotations for students, is in preparation. About ten new books on Shakespeare, some intended for students, some for the general reader, appear in

Japanese each year, along with over 150 articles in learned and popular journals. Books written in English are frequently translated, and the annual *Shakespeare Translation*, with an international editorial board, appears from Seijo University, Tokyo.

It is easy to understand how Japanese scholars, many of whom have undertaken graduate work in British and American universities, should be able not merely to appreciate Shakespeare (among other western artists) but also to make original contributions at a sophisticated level. It is less easy to understand Shakespeare's appeal to more popular audiences raised on the Japanese dramatic tradition, but undeniably the appeal exists. In Tokyo I saw an excellent exhibition devoted to "Shakespeare: his World and his Legacy", with contributions from many major British collections. Held in a department store, it was to be shown also in Osaka and Nagoya, and was well attended. At a nearby theatre *Romeo and Juliet* was being performed in a version by Yushi Odesima. In performance the text was considerably adapted and shortened. No Prologue told that this was a "death-marked love", though skulls on either side of the semi-circular stage, as well as death-masked dancers at the Capulets' ball, conveyed the message no less effectively. Prince Escalus was omitted; so was the sonnet that Shakespeare gives to the lovers at their meeting, which was ballistically staged. The play ended with the deaths of Romeo and Juliet; Montague and Capulet remained unconciliated. An elaborate score accompanied much of the action and dialogue; the setting, skill-

fully lit, was suggestive rather than realistic, much in the manner of many British productions. The cast was clearly at home with the dramatic idiom, though to my ears the language lacked lyricism.

This performance was far from exceptional. Tokyo sees twenty or so professional productions of Shakespeare each year. Now, too, the BBC television series is under way in Japan, each play introduced by a Japanese scholar and transmitted twice, first with a choice of Japanese or English sound track, and secondly, on an educational channel, in English alone. The accompanying editions published by the BBC are adapted, with special introductions and notes for the Japanese reader, though the text remains in English; *Hamlet* sold over 10,000 copies in under a year.

Although plays in the native Japanese tradition are very different from ours, they offer links with the Elizabethan period. The kabuki is an actors' theatre, strong in its portrayal of deep emotions, yet also varied in the entertainment it offers, with music both instrumental and vocal, mime, eloquent narration and dance, eliciting from its native audience at high points of the action a vociferous appreciation of virtuosity which reminded me of descriptions of mid-Victorian English performances of Shakespeare. When Shakespeare is translated it is, of course, into modern Japanese. So some obstacles to understanding to English-speaking audiences are removed. The eclecticism, the wide emotional range, and the opportunities for brilliance in performance which Shakespeare offers link his plays with the native tradition and perhaps help to explain their appeal to Japanese audiences.

Anthem for doomed youth?

By David Nokes

Borderline
Royal Court Theatre

Hanif Kureishi was born and brought up in South London. In idiom and outlook, his writings reflect the suburbs, rather than the sub-continent. The first play in his recent series of theatrical successes *The King and Me*, dealt with life in the tower-blocks of Calford. *Outskirts*, produced earlier this year at the Warehouse, returned to the same desolate stamping-ground, to present images of the doomed youth of the punk generation. Yet it is as an Asian playwright, a voice from the ghettos, that he has gained his chief reputation. In a recent interview he spoke of himself as an intermediary, "passing on life from people who really experience the rough end of things to people who might possibly be able to do something about that". However, he is uneasy at being presented as a spokesman for the Asian community, as his latest play, *Borderline*, makes clear.

We are presented with a deeply divided Asian community. Amjad, an armchair patriarch, boundedly played by David Beames, reveres Winston Churchill and British justice. He proudly enumerates his material possessions, his fridge, TV and kitchen decorations. Yet he has no compunction about forcing his daughter Amina into an arranged marriage with a young tycoon, Farouk, whose wealth comes from his ruthless exploitation of his fellow Asians. Amina, a modern Westernized, "margarine-eating" kind of Anglo-Asian girl, played by Rita Wolf, is a central figure in the play's development. Her move from a playful evasion of her father's authority to a thorough-going endorsement of the Asian Youth Movement's militant stand against racial attacks,

underlines Kureishi's fear that the ers of racial tolerance in this country may be coming to an end. Harroo, Amina's secret boyfriend, is contemptuous of the Youth Movement and its efforts. "You people, you come from villages, and you're still got village mentalities." Yet his belief in the long march through the institutions, university, the law, parliament, is presented as an ambitious individualism that cuts across all ties of loyalty. Harroo's father is a restaurateur, who makes his money by exploiting illegal immigrants, and giving free meals to the police.

Yasmin, played by Deborah Findlay, draws together some of the threads of the play. She has been oppressed by the Asian community by being forced into an arranged marriage and is now being attacked by British Movement thugs with petrol bombs. Yet she retains her dignity, resilience and a belief in rationality. She tells Harroo that his ambition is a form of cowardice. "You've taken all the conflicts inside yourself. But you can't live like that, as if race and contempt and all that was some kind of personal problem." When Yasmin takes to the barricades, we know that things are pretty bad.

A comic catalyst in the plot is Ravi, an illegal immigrant, played by Nizwar Karani. Naive, penniless, randy and accident-prone, Ravi has an irrepressible optimism that gives buoyancy to the whole play. "Yasmin, I know you were radical. I didn't realize you were kind as well", he remarks, when she agrees to go to the cinema with him. It's the kind of Orson Welles epigram that gives a fluency and polish to this picture of under-privileged. Many critics found *Outskirts* bleak, but there can be no such objection to this new play. Comedy is used to sharpen the edge of characterization, and *Outskirts* had the austere didacticism of Bond. *Borderline* uses a fuller range of Brechtian techniques.

Max Stafford-Clark's direction is

sharp and unfussy, and makes a strong virtue of the company's practice in the distribution of roles among the multi-racial cast. Both David Beames and Deborah Findlay double magnificently in two Pakistani roles. Beames brings out the comic self-importance of Amjad without ever lapsing into Peter Sellers pastiche. Findlay plays Amina's long-suffering wife Banoo, who dreams of her village in Pakistan, with a stooping, stoic resignation. The effect of this racial impersonation is to emphasize the play's conviction that the barriers of race are less rigid than those of attitude. The only white character in the play is Susan, a journalist, played by Lesley Manville. Born in Orpington, and speaking throughout in a pukka manshab's voice, she seems an obvious candidate for caricature. Yet she too is given a strong case to argue. "I believe it's possible to be honest and accurate about other people's experience", she declares, in words which clearly indicate Kureishi's own convictions. When the thugs make their attack, Susan is on the barricades with Anwar and Yasmin. It is Harroo who has gone to university, to bide his time.

Borderline is a portrait of a community under threat. Running through it is the fear of violence and intolerance that will compress all its subtle distinctions into one stark antithesis. Kureishi describes himself as a beige liberal. His picture of the diverse and contradictory values of the immigrant community is a fine example of the possibilities of investigative theatre.

Applications have been invited for the 1981 George Devine Award for the work of any promising stage playwright, director or designer. The Award is worth about £2,000, and applicants should write to Christina Smith, George Devine Award, 23 Alngor Road, London NW3, by March 1, 1982.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS in Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience. (Those expecting to obtain professional qualifications in the Winter 1981/82 examinations will be considered.)

Ministry of Defence

School of Electronic Engineering, Arborfield, Reading.
Royal Army Educational Corps, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
Military Vehicles and Engineering Establishment, Chicksand, Surrey.
MOO Whitehall Library, London SW1
Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment, Fort Halstead, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Government Communications Headquarters

Library and Records Branch, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.
Further vacancies may arise in these and other Departments. Salary: £5270-£7248 (London up to £1087 higher). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. For full details and an application form to be returned by 31 December 1981 write to Civil Service Commission, Alconlee Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref: GID1824. T1502

LONDON MIDDESEX POLYTECHNIC LIBRARY ASSISTANT £2481-£3405 pa inc

An opportunity to join the busy team in the library at our Modernism in north-west London. Responsibilities include counter work, reserving books and assisting students and staff.
An A level standard of education is required, preferably together with good library or retail experience.
A role system is worked to cover evening and Saturday duties. Write quickly to: M1524 for further details and an application form, enclosing first-class, i.e. personal, cv and references to: Ms. J. Polychanska, 114 Chase Gate, London N14 5PN. Closing date 1.10.81.

ESSEX UNIVERSITY OF LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian which will involve the management of the University of Essex Library. The post holder will be responsible for the management of the library, including the collection, maintenance and development of the library. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's budget and for the management of the library's staff. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's facilities and for the management of the library's services. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's collections and for the management of the library's resources. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's information and for the management of the library's communication. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's research and for the management of the library's teaching. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's administration and for the management of the library's finance. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's legal and for the management of the library's moral. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's physical and for the management of the library's intellectual. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's cultural and for the management of the library's social. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's political and for the management of the library's economic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social and for the management of the library's political. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's economic and for the management of the library's cultural. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's religious and for the management of the library's philosophical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's scientific and for the management of the library's artistic. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's literary and for the management of the library's historical. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's geographical and for the management of the library's biological. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's medical and for the management of the library's legal. The post holder will also be responsible for the management of the library's social